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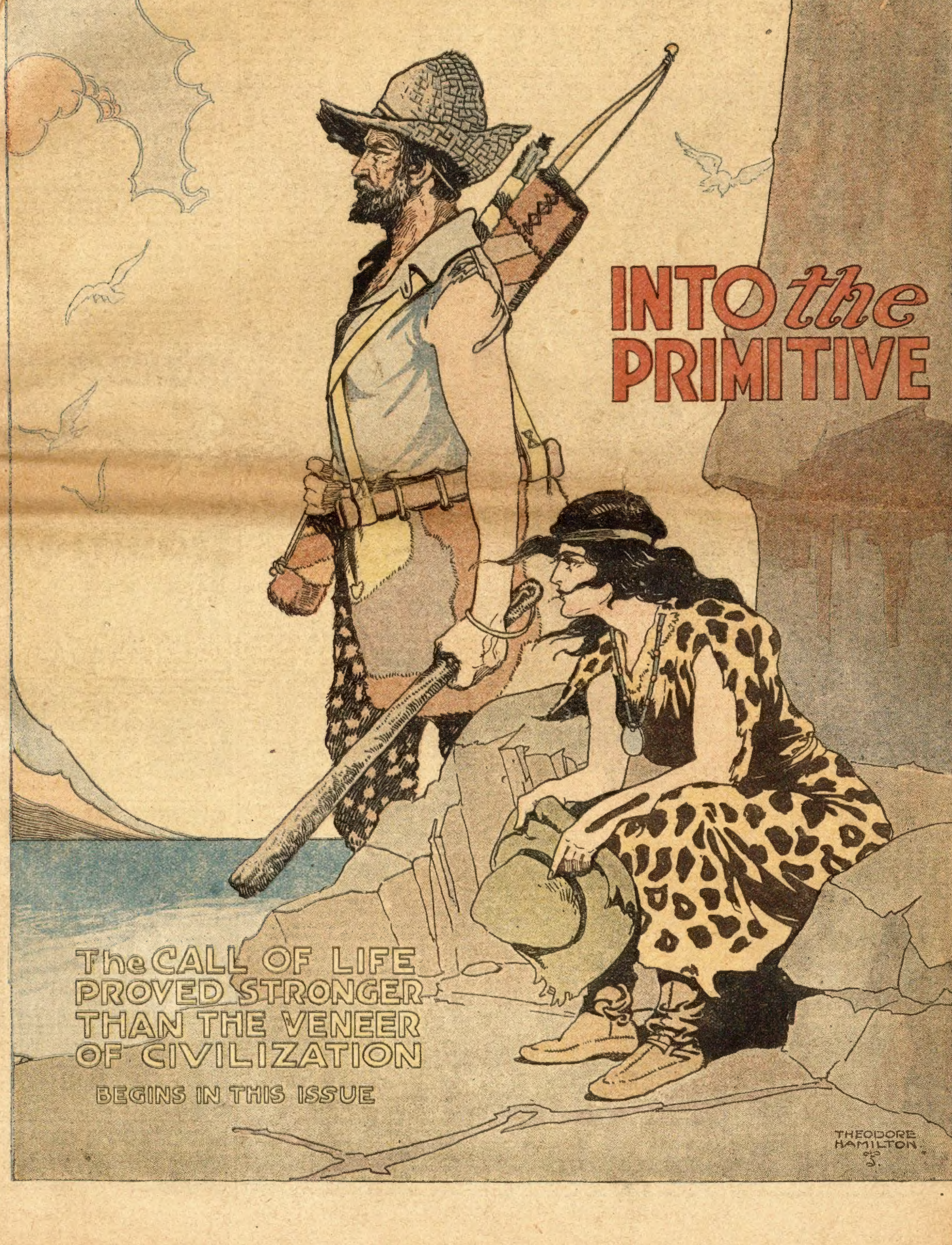

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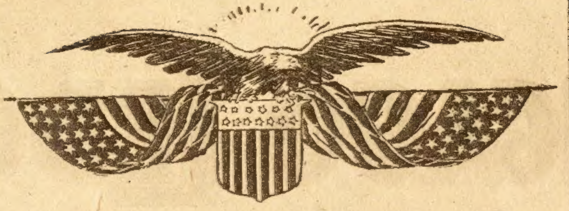

The Editor Has His Say Here

HAVE you cultivated your powers of observation? When you read a thing do you really get the meaning and is it clear in your mind what the writer is talking about? Some of the letters which an editor receives would indicate that many of his readers just skim thru the paper, believe they know what they have read and take a long shot at it in their letters. Which reminds the editor of a little incident of his school days. The professor had been greatly annoyed because the students evidently did not pay attention and did not let what he was saying "soak" into their minds. "Gentlemen," said he. "We are going to try a little experiment. Here on the desk I have a bottle containing a sticky sort of liquid. You will observe that I take the first finger of my right hand and dip it into the liquid. Now I want all of you to do likewise. Then I want you to do just exactly what I do." The class, watching him, saw him stick a finger in his mouth and lick it with every indication of relish. The class followed his example and immediately there were some mighty disgusted looks on their faces. For the liquid was heavily charged with quinine. "Just as I thought," remarked the professor. "If you had been paying attention you would have seen that I licked the first finger of my left hand and not the finger on my right hand which I had dipped into this liquid."

IT WAS an object lesson which many members of that class never forgot. Recently in this column was published a letter which the editor mails to those who aspire to become writers in which the would-be authors are told just what kind of stories the Ledger will buy and just what it does not want, and in which a few hints of how to go about the writing game are included. The result—quite a number of readers of the Ledger wrote in to say that they had seen in the paper where the editor wanted them to write stories for him and that they were sending a story or two along for him to look over. They did not write on one side of the paper, as everything intended for publication must be written; they did not inclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of their manuscripts if not found available, and they did not observe any of the rules of the game as outlined in these columns. Which shows that they did not pay any attention to what they had read.

THE writing game is not an easy one. The young fellow who wrote us not long ago that he was clerking in a store and had a lot of spare time and had decided to write stories for us, probably meant well, but he displayed woeful ignorance of the business of writing. Few writers are born and even they must practice and practice and learn and write and write and write before they ever sell anything. Writing for magazines and newspapers is just as much a profession as being a doctor or a lawyer. If you were ill you wouldn't send for a clerk who had a little spare time to be your doctor. If you were facing trial you would not ask that same clerk to defend you. Every week the editor—and that means every editor in the country—receives scores of letters from persons who want to write and who inclose what they believe is a story and ask him what he will pay for it. They haven't one chance in a million of getting into print. They have not started at the bottom and learned the principles of writing. Then they haven't practiced and practiced and practiced and haven't written, written, written before they began to try to sell their stories.

ANOTHER thing. No editor buys stories sight unseen. Hundreds of letters every year ask how much a magazine will pay for a certain story which the writer has in mind. That isn't done. If you have a story which you think would suit a certain paper—not just any paper, but one that handles stories of the kind you have written—send it to the editor, but be sure you make it easy for him to return your manuscript if it doesn't suit him. And, unless you have played the game and know that you are going about it the right way, don't send it to an editor at all. Study the writing business just as you would any other game.

THE principal reason the above has been written is that we were asked to do it by a young woman who was doing the right thing—she was trying to find out the way to go about writing. Another reason was the many people who write to us for the very same reason. And isn't it funny how many people write for a favor or for information and do not think it necessary to inclose postage for the reply? Because you buy a paper you are not entitled to write to its editor or publisher and ask for information or a favor and expect him to spend not only his time looking it up for you and answering your letter, but to pay for the privilege. That is why many firms nowadays make it a rule not to answer letters which do not contain return postage. It may make some people angry, but it will save money for the firm.

WHICH brings us around to the next issue of the Ledger. No new serial will start in that number, but you will get the first half of a rattling mystery story, "The Pendulum of Fate." A dastardly attack has been made upon a lovable old man and any one of half a dozen persons had motive to have committed the crime. Which one is guilty? We frankly admit the editor was kept guessing until the final chapter. Thru it runs a vein of love which has an important bearing on the case. We are sure you will like the story.

IN ADDITION to these stories you will get large installments of the three serials now running in the Ledger—"Into the Primitive," "By Whose Hand?" and "The Blood of Montezuma." For your convenience if you have not read the earlier chapters, a summary is printed so that you can start reading a serial at any time. Some of the short stories we have mentioned to you in previous talks and which have not yet been published in the Ledger will come along next week, too. Whenever we get what we believe a really good short story we are so anxious to pass it on to you that we tell you about it, then something keeps us from publishing it as soon as we had intended.

SOME stories are written with a depth of feeling which makes you wonder whether the writer is not telling his own story. Such a story is one which is coming in the next number, under the title "The Soul of the U-boat Commander." It has a warmth, a keen insight into a human mind which is splendid, yet we know the author never has been thru the experiences he writes about. The U-boat commander has no soul, you may say, or he wouldn't be the director of such an engine of murder. Yet, do we know how many submarine commanders have realized just what they were doing and have rebelled openly or taken the easiest way out—suicide? It is not at all improbable in this world of ours that the things in the story could have happened and for all we know may have happened to more than one captain of the Kaiser's submarines.

THE associate editor who has charge of some of our departments has asked us to say a word about the needlework and kitchen pages. This is in woman's sphere, so you men readers can skip this if you wish. But the associate editor assures us that our women readers will find it well worth while to read these departments from now on with more attention than usual.

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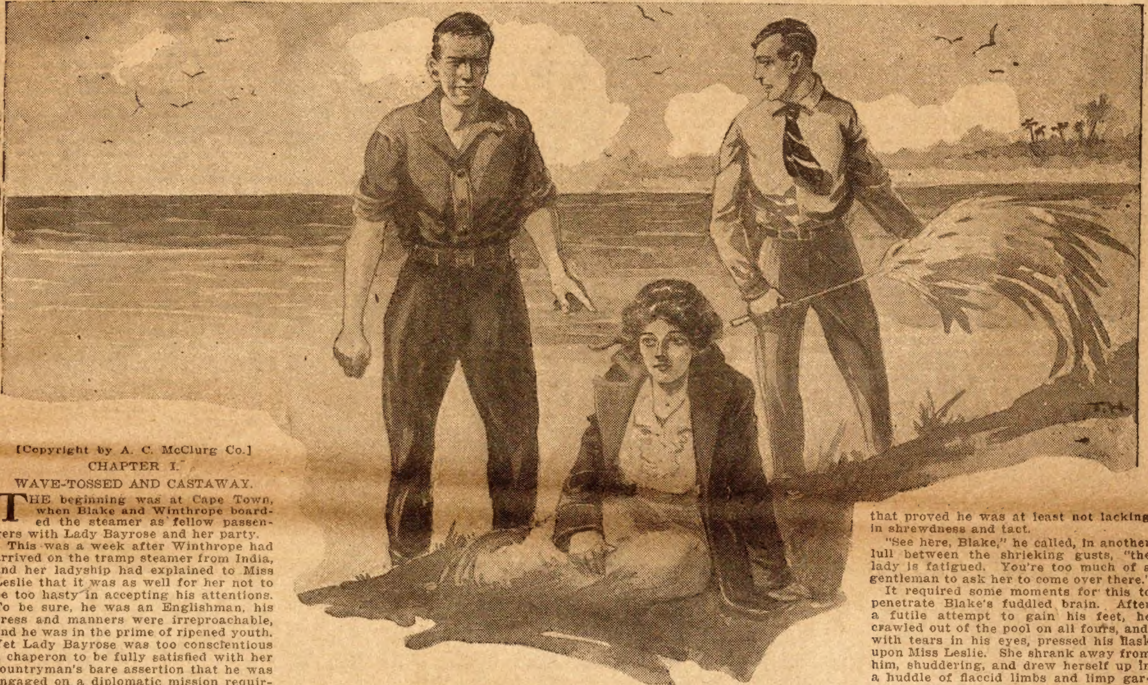
NEW STORIES
Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO. ILL., JUNE 1, 1918. No. 22.

Here Begins a Thrilling Serial of Adventure and Love Where Civilization Was Forgotten.

INTO THE PRIMITIVE



"Suppose You Two Get a Hustle on Yourselves and Scrape Up Something to Eat."

By Robert Ames Bennet

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CHAPTER I.

WAVE-TOSSED AND CASTAWAY.

THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrope boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrope had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attentions. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in her.

Notwithstanding this, Winthrope came aboard ship virtually as a member of her ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and paid so much more attention to her than to Miss Leslie, that her ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the American engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrope's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bounder's impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her ladyship as well as in the favor of the American heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthrope intimated to the persistent engineer with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship. Behind Winthrope was Lady Bayrose; behind her ladyship, as a matter of course, was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the American drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the East Coast, into the Mozambique Channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with a number of bottles, and thruout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on the reef, he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whisky, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out thru the open doorway. There he reeled headlong against the mate, who had rushed below with three of the crew to bring up Miss Leslie. The mate cursed him virulently, and in the same breath ordered two of the men to fetch him up on deck.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrope, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose. One of the sailors leaped, but fell short and went down within arm's length of Miss Leslie.

She and Winthrope saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spoondrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And thru it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards, gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow. . . .

Half sobered, Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. . . . Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger. This was too much! He set his jaw, turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrope and Miss Leslie. Tho conscious, both were draggled and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his pale blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whisky.

"I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha' one on me. Won' cos' you shent—notta re' shent!"

"You fuddled lout!" shouted Winthrope. "Come out of that pool."

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri'!"

The Englishman squinted thru the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the American; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthful and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question, the situation demanded that Winthrope justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts, "the lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over there."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrope, however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay coiled, closer than before, in a draggled heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrope, invigorated by the liquor, rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spoondrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh flooded with salt water, its reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet, darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whisky soon passed, and Winthrope huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Tho he could hear Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The center of the cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrope's fear-racked nerves relaxed, and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

WORSE THAN WILDERNESS.

A WAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon, was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrope felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrope.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrope? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat——"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing, I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat—Beastly muddle! While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned! drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd traveled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape? It was only to be with her—And then for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all—It cannot be possible!"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er—Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned—so far from home!"

"Ah, if that's all you're worrying about! I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a—er—groom."

"Eating! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrope—and all the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! Can you not put up some kind of an awning?"

"Well, now, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Tho still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrope. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Huh! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrope, half dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in h—l! Say, this is d—n cheerful!"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman present, and your language, you know——"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blatter. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we're like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud-flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out into the water; otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a sea-view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't for Tom Blake—that's my name—Tom Blake—and as long as this shindy lasts you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bloody, bloomin' English condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake, and you're Winthrope."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now, I fancy that, instead of wasting time——"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them half defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrope swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the American at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the American, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned.

"Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your ludship. But why in—why in frozen hades an American lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas—well, it beats me."

Winthrope flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, Miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I knew all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. Railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

"Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that if it is explained to papa——"

"Yes; we'll cable papa tonight. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."

"Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrope. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off."

"Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is loose."

"But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"

"'Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!—maybe the mud-hens will do it with lovely water-lilies."

"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so thirsty!"

Coming—A Stirring Story of the Mines!

UPON the mines and railroads of our country today devolve some of the heaviest burdens of America's successful prosecution of the war. Sympathizers of the Kaiser have devoted much of their effort toward making trouble in our mines and on our railroads, toward creating a feeling of unrest and discontent. Unscrupulous men of wealth have seized upon these conditions to further their own interests at the sacrifice of the welfare of the country. All of these things enter into the plot of a splendid serial which will be started in the Ledger of June 15 under the title "In the Sign of the Purple Dagger." The story is replete with action and will be published in long installments.

"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water. Neither you nor Winthrope seem to've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrope, chase yourself over the mud, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, after the blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds, and rig a headgear out of this handkerchief. Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive thru the holes of that peek-a-boo."

"But I say, Blake——" began Winthrope.

"Don't say—do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore.

Tho the tide was at flood, there was now no cyclone to drive the sea above the beach, and Blake walked a quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low swells before he commenced to strip.

Winthrope and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrope would have spoken, but, seeing her embarrassment, smiled to himself, and began strolling about in search of fish.

It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which already were shriveling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrope turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to pick up a large mullet; but shrank back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.

He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far away in the water—all that was to be seen of Blake. The American, after wading off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrope could now make out the goal for which he was aiming—the one remaining topmast of the steamer.

"By Jove, these waters are full of sharks!" murmured Winthrope, staring at the steadily receding dot until it disappeared behind the wall of surf which spumed up over one of the outer reefs.

A call from Miss Leslie interrupted his watch, and he hastened to rejoin her. After several failures, she had contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief to three or four reeds in the form of a little sunshade. Her shoulders were protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin thru her open-work bodice.

Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrope was yet several yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. Winthrope! Where is there any water? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrope!"

"But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is no water. These pools are all sea water. I must say, I'm deuced dry myself. I can't see why that cad should go off and leave us like this, when we need him most."

"Indeed, it is a shame—Oh, I'm so thirsty! Do you think it would help if we ate something?"

"Make it all the worse. Besides, how could we cook anything? All these reeds are green, or at least water-soaked."

"But Mr. Blake said to gather some fish. Had you not best——"

"He can pick up all he wants. I shall not touch the beastly things."

"Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."

"Yes, if the sharks do not get him."

Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, and Winthrope, seeing that she was on the verge of tears, hastened to reassure her. "Don't worry about him, Miss Genevieve! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered back. Fellows of that sort are born to hang, you know."

"But if he should be—if anything should happen to him!"

Winthrope shrugged his shoulders and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half full, and he was highly gratified to find that neither the cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.

"By Jove, here's luck!" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no objections——"

The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrope hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his mouth; yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.

To be sure, there was not a sign of a pebble within miles of where they sat; but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel keys might do as well. At first Miss Leslie was reluctant to try the experiment, and only the increasing dryness of her mouth forced her to seek the promised relief. Tho it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little flat bar of metal eased her craving to a marked degree.

Winthrope now thought to rig a shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the sun was scorching his unprotected head. Thus sheltered, the two crouched as comfortably as they could upon the half dried crest of the hummock, and waited impatiently for the return of Blake.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORTH OF FIRE.

THO the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the dead calm, they did not see Blake on his return until he struck shallow water and stood up to wade ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he started landward, and tho he was a powerful swimmer, the long pull against the current had so tired him that when he took to wading he moved at a tortoise-like gait.

"The bloomin' loafer!" commented Winthrope. He glanced quickly about, and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg pardon! He—ah—reminds me so much of a navvy, you know."

Miss Leslie made no reply.

At last Blake was out of the water and toiling up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished, he sprang to his feet and came forward at a brisk pace.

As he approached, Winthrope waved his fifth cigarette at him with languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would permit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you!"

"Sharks?—bah! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off."

"How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie, turning to face him.

"All under but the maintopmast—curse it!—wire rigging at that! Couldn't even get a bolt."

"A bolt?"

"Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal—— Hey, you! what you doing with that match? Light your cigarette—light it!—— Damnation!"

Heedless of Blake's warning cry, Winthrope had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrope's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared out.

For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as tho stupefied; then he sprang up before Winthrope, his bronzed face purple with anger.

"Where's your matchbox? Got any more?" he demanded.

"Last one, I fancy—yes; last one, and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate your talking so deucedly——"

"You idiot! you—you—— H—l! and every one for cigarettes!"

From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and he sprang upon Winthrope like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.

Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream—the piercing shriek that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as tho transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground, and turned to the screaming girl.

"Stop that squawking!" he said. The girl cowed down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut."

"You—you brute!"

"Good! You've got a little spunk, eh?"

"You coward—to attack a man not half your strength!"

"Steady, steady, young lady! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."

"But why should you be so angry? What has he done, that you——"

"Why—why? Lord! what hasn't he done! This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun; and now this idiot—this dough-head—has gone and thrown away our only chance—fire—and on his measly cigarettes!" Blake choked with returning rage.

Winthrope, still panting for breath, began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyes—which on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively supercilious—now glinted in a manner that served to alter the American's mood.

"That'll do," he said. "Come here and show me that knife."

"I'll show it you where it will do the most good," muttered Winthrope, rising hastily to repel the expected attack.

"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. "Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Tho how you could go and throw them away——"

"Deuce take it, man! How should I know? I've never before been in a wreck."

"Neither have I—this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see tomorrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot?"

"Indeed, no! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it—if you really mean it's quits."

"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced. "So; that's settled. I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where's your fish?"

"I—well, they were all spoiled."

"Spoiled?"

"The sun had shriveled them."

"And you call that spoiled! We're like to eat them rotten before we're thru with this picnic. How about the pools?"

"Pools? Do you know, Blake, I never thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxious about you——"

Blake grunted and turned on his heel to wade into the half-drained pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.

Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed thru the water to seize them, his foot struck against a living body which floundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the fish, which was entangled in the reeds, and with a kick, flung it clear out upon the ground.

"A coryphene!" cried Winthrope, and

he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.

"Coryphene?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat?"

"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but——"

"Fifteen pounds, if an ounce!" cried Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrope, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Lost my knife."

"When?—in the pool? If we felt about——"

"No; aboard ship, or in the surf——"

"Here is my knife."

"Yes; almost big enough to whittle a match! Mine would have done us some good."

"It is the best steel."

"All right; let's see you cut up the fish."

"But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."

"And you, Miss Jenny? Girls are supposed to know about cooking."

"I never cooked anything in all my life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive—and—and I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake!"

"Lord!" commented Blake. "Give me that knife."

Tho the blade was so small, the American's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and began to cut slices of flesh from the fish's tail.

"We have no fire," Winthrope reminded him, flushing at the word.

"That's true," assented Blake, in a cheeful tone, and he offered Winthrope two pieces of raw flesh. "Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."

"But it's raw! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie?"

Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no!—and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."

"You bet you can!" replied Blake. "Both of you take that fish, and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord!—in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Finnicky over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and beef running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it politely! You couldn't tell rattlesnake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal—when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that know, that over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrope.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokio. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's a hundred to one we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the look of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrope promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here is more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—— Say, what's become of that whisky flask? Have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is," right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other, and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrope, what you got besides the knife?"

Winthrope held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter, and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrowheads, if we can get fire."

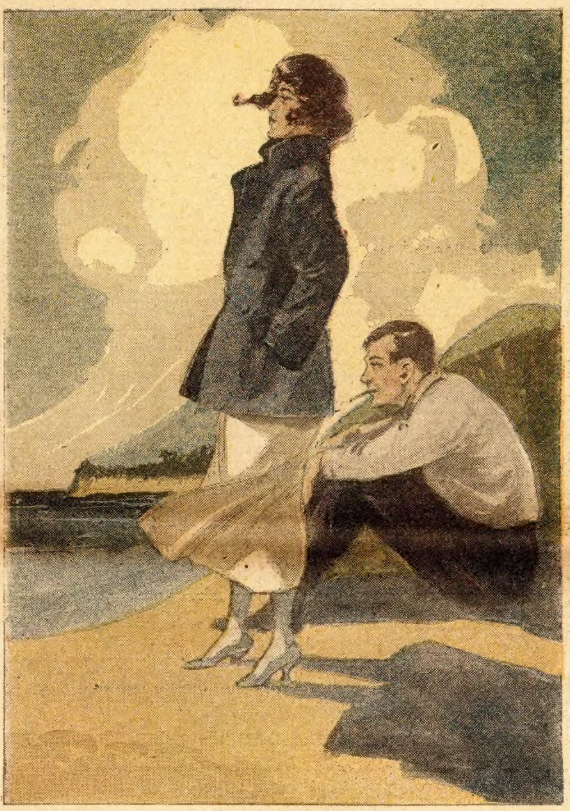
"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing's the thing. Here, let me look.

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.



"By Jove, These Waters Are Full of Sharks," Murmured Winthrope, Staring at the Receding Dot.

"There; that's more like it. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky flask into his hip pocket, and went back to pass a sling of reeds thru the gills of the coryphene.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrope. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another souse."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool, he slung the coryphene on his back, and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A JOURNEY IN DESOLATION.

MORNING was well advanced, and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

In a temperate climate, ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrope, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrope did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"H—l!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassiety girls!"

Tho he spoke to himself, the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed, and would have risen had not Winthrope put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on, and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go, and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother——"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order jugged me for the winter, 'cause I didn't have a job, and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only sixteen and the other seventeen. Talk about helpless young girls—— Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as tho she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in the curse, for when he again spoke, there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrope couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long's it's the only way, don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrope, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrope.

"Well, we've got to get to water, or die; and as the lady can't walk, she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough, later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrope, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish, and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Tho scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders, and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrope, tho burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll, and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging, the others took a few mouthfuls, altho their throats were now so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause tho his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrope was no longer following them. For the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold, and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirtsleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—, confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done, to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear! and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her, and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping, she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat, she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes, she glanced around, and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew, Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, tho his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together, and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrope—?"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wrenched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrope upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrope held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman, and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But thru the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream, and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm, and dragged her forward with a rush, in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another hundred yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing thru the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope, and dropping upon his knees, plunged his head into the water.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rinse his mouth. With the first swallow, his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing! He rose, sputtering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours?

He thought of his companions.

"Good God!" he groaned, "they're goners, anyway!"

He stared dully up the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes and a dozen other species of birds of which he did know the names. But he sat as tho in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about, and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.

"What in—Whee! a whole herd of hippos!" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean."

The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at the huge head with sullen resentment. For all his stupor, he perceived at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up, he sank down almost flat, and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts, he rose to his feet and hastened back thru the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthrope and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating.

"I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't tell her—poor girl!"

He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forcing a way thru the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers, until several yards from the path, he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions, unseen by them.

There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way thru it, when he was brought to a stand by a young lamb: "Ba—ba!"

"What's that?" he croaked.

He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blak! Blak!"

There could be no mistake. It was Winthrope calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. He burst thru the last screen of jungle, and stared towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.

Another call from Winthrope directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthrope was waving to him.

"Cocoanuts!" he yelled. "Come on!"

Three of the palms had been overthrown by the hurricane, and when Blake came up, he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthrope held out one already opened. He snatched it from him, and placed the hole to his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicicous as that cocoanut milk. Before he could drain the last of it thru the little opening, Winthrope had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinal spots gouged open with his penknife.

Blake emptied the third before he spoke. Even then his voice was hoarse and strained. "How'd you strike 'em?"

"I couldn't help it," explained Winthrope. "Hardly had you disappeared when I noticed the tops of the fallen palms, and thought of the nuts. There was one in the grass not twenty feet from where we lay."

"Lucky for you—and for me, too, I guess," said Blake. "We were all three down for the count. But this settles the first round in our favor. How do you like the picnic, Miss Jenny?"

"Miss Leslie, if you please," replied the girl, with hauteur.

"Oh, say, Miss Jenny!" protested Blake, genially. "We live in the same boarding-house now. Why not be folksy? You're free to call me Tom. Pass me another nut, Winthrope. Thanks! By the way, what's your front name? Saw it aboard ship—Cyril——"

"Cecil," corrected Winthrope, in a low tone.

"Cecil—Lord Cecil, eh?—or is it only The Honorable Cecil?"

"My dear sir, I have intimated before that, for reasons of—er—state——"

"Oh, yes; you're travelling incog., in the secret service. Sort of detective——"

"Detective!" echoed Winthrope, in a peculiar tone.

Blake grinned. "Well, it is rawther a nawsty business for your honorable ludship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly, my name is Cecil Winthrope!"

"O-h-h! how lovely! See-sill! See-seal! Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are corkers for nicknames. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthrope.

"All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle."

"You cawn't just say! And what are we going to eat?"

"Here are the cocoanuts."

"Bright boy! go to the head of the class! Just take some more husk off those empty ones."

Winthrope caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife, stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake, he laid it on the bare ground, and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.

Tho his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrope needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another, the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrope's urging, she now lay down for a nap, Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She fell asleep while Winthrope was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her, and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus trail, when Winthrope hobbled around and sat down on the palm trunk beside him.

"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?"

"'And when they awoke, they were all dead men.'" remarked Blake.

"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."

"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think it no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."

"Hippo?"

"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed, and're tracking me down by this time."

"But rippototami are not carnivorous—they're not at all dangerous, unless one wounds them, out in the water."

"That may be; but I'm not taking chances. They've got mouths like sperm whales—I saw one take a yawn. Another thing, that bayou is chuck full of alligators and a fellow down on the Rand told me they're like the Central American gavials for keenness to nip a swimmer."

"They will not come out on this dry land."

"Suppose they won't—there are no other animals in Africa but sheep, eh?"

"What can we do? The captain told me that there are both lions and leopards on this coast."

"Nice place for them, too, around these trees," added Blake. "Lucky for us they're night-birds mostly—if that Rand fellow didn't lie. He was a Boer, so I guess he ought to know."

"To be sure. It's a nasty fix we're in for tonight. Could we not build some kind of a barricade?"

"With a penknife? Guess we'll roost in a tree.

"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard——"

"How about lions?"

"They cannot; I'm sure of that."

"Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here, and nurse that ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

Dangers aplenty confronted the three castaways. Only upon the resourcefulness of Blake could they depend to snatch them from peril. Winthrope was helpless, the girl even more so. What they did is told in the next installment, to appear in the Ledger next week.

The Mystery He Wouldn't Explain

By Harriet Lummis Smith

He placed honor above even his love for a girl and he bore heroically the unjust suspicions which followed and threatened to engulf him in their meshes.

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WHEN I married my wife I annexed automatically a rather overwhelming supply of relatives, tho fortunately there was only one mother-in-law in the number. Ernie Dillingham, a sort of second cousin, was a boy of 18 at the time and the very last person one would have picked for the family storm center.

Ernie was not an uncommon type. He was one of the boys whose foreheads are too high for their chins and whose heads are too heavy for their necks and shoulders, one of the sort who get good marks in geometry, then wind up as clerks at a soda fountain. If I had been called on to name the one of my new kinsfolk least likely to get his picture in the paper, I should have mentioned Ernie. And so it was a surprise when one afternoon on my way home from a six weeks' trip, I bought a copy of the Sun, and saw Ernie staring up from the last page. It was the picture he had taken when he graduated from high school, the previous June, and he looked more as if he were facing a firing squad than a camera.

My first impression was that Ernie had come to an untimely end, and it was quite a relief to find that he had only come into money. His great-uncle, Asa Dillingham, had left him fifty thousand dollars with the provision that Ernie could touch neither interest nor principal until he was 25. I imagine the old man thought Ernie would be better able to appreciate fifty thousand dollars if he had hoed his own row for six years.

When I reached home several hours later, my wife had the paper saved to show me. I was surprised, as we talked the matter over, to find her mood somewhat regretful.

"Of course I'm glad of Ernie's good fortune," said Barbara. "But I can't help being sorry that Mr. Dillingham didn't do something for Mort." Morton Dillingham is not really related to my wife, but as he is Ernie's cousin, she counts him one of the family.

"Don't you worry about Morton," I told her. "He'll make his own fifty thousand by the time he's 50."

"Yes, I know," said Barbara. "But I'm afraid this is going to hurt his chances with Sylvia Gleason. I've an idea that the Gleasons have just been holding him off, waiting to see what his uncle Asa would do for him. But now he doesn't get anything unless Ernie should die——"

"What's that?" I asked, for the paper hadn't given any information on that point.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know. If Ernie dies before he is 25, the money all goes to Morton. Rather horrid, isn't it, to have it left that way?"

Barbara's intuition regarding the Gleasons proved correct. About three days later I came home to dinner and found Morton there. He had dropped in because he craved sympathy and Barbara had made him stay to dinner. A full stomach is the remedy a woman always prescribes when a man is worrying over his love affairs.

Morton had told Barbara his troubles, and he told them again to me while making out a very good dinner. No sooner had Asa Dillingham's will been probated than the Gleasons had cooled with a rapidity which would have seemed ludicrous if Morton had been in a mood to appreciate the humor of the thing. How Sylvia felt about it he had no chance to know, for he had not been permitted to see her alone.

"It isn't as if I were a beggar," said Morton, cracking a nut savagely, as if it had been Papa Gleason's head. "My practice has amounted to something over two thousand this year. By another twelve months I'll be earning enough to marry on."

"I'm going to ask Sylvia to tea some afternoon this week," declared Barbara. "And as soon as I know the day I'll call you up, and you must be on hand, no matter what is happening to your patients."

Morton said he would try to manage it. Then his gratitude got the better of him and he took Barbara's hand and kissed it right under my nose. I laughed.

"You don't need to be so darned grateful, my boy," I said. "She loves to do it. Match-making is the joy of her existence."

As I have other things to occupy my thoughts beside my neighbors' love affairs, I forgot all about Barbara's scheme, and came blundering home about 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon. If Barbara had not been lying in wait for me, I might even have walked into the front room. As it was, she dragged me back to the dining-room, too well satisfied with herself to scold.

"They've been in there for over an hour," she told me radiantly. "And she's crying."

"Must be enjoying herself," I suggested sarcastically. "Why don't you go in and cheer her up?"

Barbara didn't deign to notice that. "She hadn't been here five minutes before he came and I thought for a minute she was going to throw herself into his arms."

"Then you think it's going to be all right?" I saw she wouldn't be satisfied to talk of any other subject, so I didn't introduce one.

Barbara owned she was very hopeful. "She's just as crazy about him as he is about her, poor dear. And if she can get away from her domineering father and mother long enough to realize that her soul is her own, I believe she will marry him."

We sat there in the dining-room until Maggie came in to set the table for dinner and then we sat in the bedroom. About 6 o'clock Sylvia called and we both went in. The two women rushed into each other's arms. Morton and I shook hands.

"Oh, do stay to dinner, you darling things," begged Barbara. "I just want to feast my eyes on you." Sylvia refused on the ground she had already stayed too long.

"But I'm coming very often," she added. "He says you'll let us see each other here, tho I'm afraid it's an imposition."

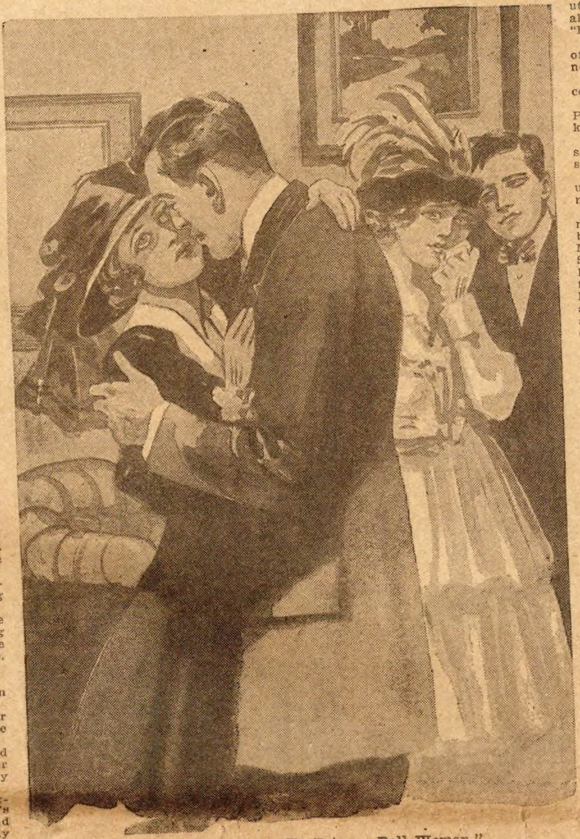
Barbara protested that nothing could make her happier. But tho I was perfectly willing to sit in the cellar, so that Sylvia and Morton should be uninterrupted in their love-making, there was something in the suggestion I didn't like.

"I hope you'll excuse a stupid question," I said. "But are you engaged or aren't you?"

"Yes," said Morton, instantly. And, "No," said Sylvia. And then they looked at each other and smiled, as if that little discrepancy didn't matter.

"We're not engaged," said Sylvia softly, "because papa and mamma won't listen to such a thing. But we——" She floundered a little at this point, and left me to imagine the rest. It was not difficult while they were gazing at each other in that enamored fashion.

After they were gone Barbara scolded me for my lack of enthusiasm, but I could not see that the situation called for congratulations. "They're in love with each other, but not engaged," was the way I reasoned it out. "Seeing each other on the sly occasionally may be



"You'll Have to Give Up Being a Doll Woman."

enough for Sylvia, but it's not going to satisfy a man with anything stronger than milk and water in his veins. In a month Morton will be kicking like a steer."

He was in less than that time. The Gleasons were plainly suspicious of their daughter's sudden fondness for Barbara's society. I came home one night two weeks later to find Morton in the devil of a temper, and Barbara counseling patience. After promising to come at 5 Sylvia had not appeared, and the previous Monday the same thing had happened. He had not seen her for a week.

I agreed with Morton when he said that such a state of affairs was intolerable. "The girl must make her choice between you and her parents," I told him.

"You don't know what you're talking about," Barbara snapped. "A little timid thing like Sylvia is more likely to die of a broken heart than she is to defy her father."

"You want to get that cousin of yours to appoint you his medical adviser," I suggested to Morton. "By prescribing for him you ought to be able to get him out of the way in six months or so." I was the only one to laugh at my little joke. Barbara gave me that chilly look she reserves for occasions when she thinks my remarks in doubtful taste. [illegible] to my surprise, Morton reddened to the ears. Of course Barbara urged Morton to stay to dinner, her inevitable prescription for his ailment, but he made the excuse of a very sick patient and took his departure.

It was a little after one that night when the telephone rang violently. Barbara sat up in bed with a little cry. Indeed, I suppose that next to the last trump, it would be hard to imagine a more startling sound than a telephone ringing in the dead of night.

"Oh, what do you suppose has happened?" whimpered Barbara as I sprang up and switched on the electric lights.

"Somebody wants the doctor and the operator has given them the wrong number," I answered, but when I got the receiver to my ear I heard my own name. "George, is that you?"

"Yes, but who——"

"It's Mrs. Dillingham. Have you seen anything of Ernie?"

I was not sure whether to laugh or swear. "Ernie! I haven't seen Ernie for two weeks."

"I don't know where he can be," said Ernie's mother, and I could hear her crying. I felt a little ashamed of my ill temper.

"Nothing to worry about, Mrs. Dillingham," I shouted over the wire. "He's probably gone to see his best girl and she won't let him come home. It's a way they all have." That was for Barbara's benefit.

"He didn't go calling. He just went to mail some letters."

"Perhaps he changed his mind."

"But it's too late to go anywhere after eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock," I repeated. "Do you mean that he was at home till eleven o'clock this evening?"

"Yes. He sat here reading till half-past nine, then he wrote some letters and went out to mail them. That was two hours ago and he hasn't come in."

I could hear her sobbing again, and this time I did not feel like laughing. For a boy to step out of the house to mail a letter in a corner mailbox and stay away two hours was a singular situation to say the least.

"Did he fix up as if he thought of taking a walk?" I asked.

"He might have worn a cap, but his hat and overcoat are on the halltree. I looked there the first thing."

I felt less than ever inclined to laugh. For while the winter was over, there was a clammy chill in the early spring nights and, moreover, Ernie was a boy who had never been permitted to go out without his overcoat and rubbers.

"Let's give him till two o'clock," I suggested. "He probably met a friend and they're so interested talking that they've lost track of the time. If he isn't home by two o'clock call me up and I'll come right over."

Mrs. Dillingham seemed partially reassured by my confidence, but as I rang off and turned to Barbara I found her white-lipped and shaking. "Oh!" she burst out, "something terrible has happened."

"What do you mean?" I asked, startled, but what Barbara had to tell me was not especially alarming. It was only that she had had a long talk with Ernie the previous week, and he had declared he didn't expect to spend a dollar of Asa Dillingham's money. When she asked him why, he had been rather vague, and only insisted that something was going to happen. I pointed out the folly of giving a second thought to anything so illogical, but the coincidence between his forebodings and his singular disappearance was too much for her logic, and my arguments made no impression.

As the clock struck two the telephone began to ring. It was Mrs. Dillingham to tell me that Ernie had not come.

I dressed in a hurry and Barbara kept up with me, a feat of which I resolved to remind her some evening when we were going out and she kept the taxi waiting fifteen or twenty minutes. Even then I could not realize that anything had really happened to the boy. I was positive that when we arrived we should find him scolding his mother for her anxiety, and putting on airs of independence. But when we reached the house at three o'clock, Mrs. Dillingham was alone, and she threw herself weeping into Barbara's arms.

I did the usual things, communicated with the police and all the hospitals, but by daylight I had found no clew. Ernie had always been a boy of exemplary habits, but I began to hope that for once in his life he had done something distinctly improper. Most of that anxious day I looked for him to appear, red-eyed and remorseful, and to acknowledge his departure from the paths of rectitude. But night came on without a sign of him and Mrs. Dillingham could not be shaken in her conviction that her son was dead. And when I started on my Southern trip two weeks later, most people were of the same opinion.

During my absence something happened which upset Barbara considerably. It was about two months from the time of Ernie's disappearance that one afternoon she had a call from a stranger, a pretty girl of eighteen or nineteen, who introduced herself as Adelaide Pearson. "I've seen you lots of times," she said. "Aren't you related to that Ernie Dillingham who disappeared?"

Barbara acknowledged the relationship, wondering what was coming next. It was easy to see that the girl was embarrassed.

"I suppose I ought to have come to you before," she said, twisting her handkerchief into a little ball. "But I was afraid to tell anybody, and now I'm afraid not to tell." All at once she began to cry and Barbara, who had been only curious, at once became sympathetic and insisted on making her a cup of tea. Sipping it, the girl regained her composure sufficiently to go on with her story.

"I suppose you'll think I'm perfectly dreadful," she said, "and probably I am, but it's all because father is so strict and a person has to have a little fun sometimes."

That was the prelude to her confession that occasionally she went to bed at nine o'clock ostensibly, and after locking her door, got from her window to the roof, then from the roof to the ground by means of a lattice over which a honeysuckle climbed. Her lover was always waiting for her in the alley and they indulged in such diversions as most appealed to them. They had been to a dance on the night of Ernie's disappearance and were coming home about half-past one when they passed an automobile standing near an alley two blocks from Mrs. Dillingham's home.

"There aren't many machines on the street at that hour," said Miss Pearson, "but I don't know as I'd have thought of it if the driver hadn't been having trouble to start. Jack said something about it, and as I looked up, I saw that there was somebody on the back seat all wrapped up."

"A man or a woman?"

"I don't know. I took it for granted it was a woman because of the wraps, but I remember thinking that it was big enough for a man. It didn't move or speak while we were passing, but after we were by I thought I heard a groan."

A little note of horror had come into the girl's voice. Barbara owned that she herself felt shivery. She asked in as business-like a manner as she could if Miss Pearson had noticed the number of the machine.

"No, I didn't think of that," she said, "but I did get a glimpse of the man's face as we passed, and it had a dreadful desperate look. By the time we reached our alley the machine had started and Jack said it was lucky there were no cops about or the driver would be pinched for speeding."

Barbara hardly knew what to answer. The probability was that the girl had seen some exemplary citizen and his wife going home after spending the evening with friends, and the look of desperation she had noticed was due only to engine trouble at one-thirty in the morning. Yet Barbara realized that Miss Pearson's story might give the clew to the mystery of Ernie's disappearance. "Have you told any one else about this?" she asked.

The girl began to cry again. "I knew I ought to tell," she sobbed, "but if it comes out that I was on the street at that hour I don't know what father'll do."

Barbara was again trying to soothe her when something strange happened. The girl looked up, gave a gasping cry, and fainted dead away. Barbara herself screamed, having a vague idea that the ghost of Ernie had come up behind her, but when she turned about she saw Morton Dillingham standing there thunderstruck. "What on earth is the matter?" he demanded.

Barbara jumped to the conclusion that Miss Pearson was afraid her confidence had been overheard. She pushed Morton out of the room. "Go right away," she ordered him peremptorily. "Don't come back for an hour."

"But the girl has fainted. She needs attention."

"I know how to attend to a woman in a faint. Please go away. I'll explain later."

Adelaide Pearson came to in a few minutes and looked about her wildly. "It's all right," said Barbara, encouragingly. "He didn't hear a thing."

"Has he gone?" There was a crackle of terror in her voice that Barbara could not understand.

"Yes, he's gone. But anyway he couldn't possibly——"

"He must have followed me," Miss Pearson cried. "He must know that I know."

"Know what?" said Barbara. And as she put the question, she told me later, she turned cold.

"Why," the girl whispered, "don't you understand? He's the one. He's the man I saw."

Barbara almost laughed—almost but not quite. For all at once she remembered that Ernie's death would make Morton fifty thousand dollars richer. She said quietly that she knew Dr. Dillingham very well and that he was a fine fellow. "Doctors have to be out all hours of the night, you know," she added, and then she bethought herself to ask if the girl had noticed the make of the car.

"I didn't," replied Miss Pearson. "But Jack said it was a Palmer. I remember because he said that one of these days he hoped we'd have one just like it."

As Morton drives a roadster, it looked like a case of mistaken identity. Barbara said as much, but without making any impression. Miss Pearson stuck to her point with a queer stubbornness.

"Oh, I know he's the one," she said. "He's too handsome to be mistaken for anybody else, and I saw him as plain as I see you."

Barbara advised her to keep her own counsel, adding that I would be home in about a week and that I would know just what to do. She does not always, I regret to say, show the same confidence in my judgment. For example, I am never permitted to choose my own neckties.

Tho she hurried Miss Pearson out of the house as soon as she was able to walk, to get her out of Morton's way, Barbara did not see him again for several days. Then one afternoon he dropped in to tell her that the Gleasons had given their consent to his engagement to Sylvia.

For once he must have thought Barbara unresponsive. "I suppose," she said coldly, "that their change of heart is due to your improved prospects, now poor Ernie——"

Morton's face changed. He got up and began to walk the floor.

"Hang it all, Barbara!" he burst out. "What's a man to do? I own I did almost wish him dead when I learned about Uncle Asa's will. I've been ashamed of it ever since, and now I'd postpone my wedding five years to have the boy back safe and sound. I can't say more than that."

Barbara was a little ashamed of the way she had spoken and she congratulated him on the happy ending of all his troubles. But she declined the Gleasons' invitation to the engagement dinner. I got back about midnight the day before, and late as it was, Barbara told me Adelaide Pearson's story. She was so confident I would know exactly what to do that I hated to disappoint her.

"From one point of view," I told her, "our duty seems perfectly plain. The only person who would benefit by Ernie's death is said to have been in that neighborhood the night of his disappearance. There was some one swathed in blankets in his car. The girl thought she heard a moan. All these are suspicious circumstances that demand investigation. It is clearly our duty to report the matter." I could hear Barbara's heart thumping as she lay quiet beside me.

"On the other hand," I continued, "we know Morton, and tho it's not a thing you can demonstrate, like a proposition in geometry, we know it is impossible that he should murder a man for his money. Moreover, we know that to focus suspicion on him would probably ruin his career and certainly would lose him his sweetheart. Under these circumstances it seems our clear duty to hold our tongues." In the darkness I could hear Barbara's sigh of relief.

I did not lose sight of the fact that if Adelaide Pearson's uneasy conscience should lead her to take other people into her confidence, the fact that we had suppressed her information might put us in an awkward light. I hardly know why I didn't go straight to Morton himself with her story, except that, in spite of our intimacy, he was the sort of man to whom it was not easy to say certain things. And I think, too, that I hated to do anything to shadow his radiant spirits. He had reason to feel that at last fortune was on his side. He was succeeding better professionally than the average struggling young doctor, and was engaged to the girl he had always wanted, with the former obstacles to their marriage magically swept away. It was not likely that he could take possession of Asa Dillingham's money for some time, since no legal proof existed of Ernie's death, but meanwhile that fifty thousand dollars was a substantial, satisfying fact in the background of his thoughts. Morton began to take on that look of prosperity worth cold cash to any professional man.

Then came the proverbial bolt from the blue. We had dropped into his office one afternoon after a matinee, as rare an indulgence for Morton as for myself. He had offered the ladies a cup of tea at his rooms, and had done the honors in a fashion suggesting he had arranged for the little affair rather carefully. Sylvia had just accepted a second cup of her favorite beverage, and I had just refused one, and lighted a cigar, when the door opened, and a young man walked in.

"Excuse me, Doc," he apologized, with the insufferable self-possession characteristic of certain types. "I don't want to butt in on your party, but I've had a dickens of a time catching you."

"I'll see you later," Morton returned sharply, but the fellow did not seem to understand that he was dismissed.

"It's about that little bill for March 21st," he persisted. "It's waited a good while now."

I saw Sylvia change color. March 21st was a date that none of us liked to mention, since poor Ernie's disappearance. But with her usual conciliatory impulse, she said, "Don't mind us, Morton. Since the man is here you'd better settle with him."

The bill collector's smile indicated his appreciation of her support. He thrust a paper under Morton's nose.

"You had one of our Palmer cars from midnight till 5 the next morning."

"I've paid that bill," Morton snapped. "I paid cash when I brought it in."

"We haven't got any record of it, Doc. Of course, I'm not saying that your word isn't good, only——"

"That'll do." Morton spoke with even more heat than the fellow's insolence warranted. "I've already explained that the bill has been paid. Now you get out unless you want to be thrown out."

The bill collector looked him over and smiled. "Well, if you put it that way," he said genially, "I'll leave. I know a better man when I see him."

As he left the room our host made an effort to throw off his evident annoyance. "Have some more tea, Barbara?"

My wife ignored the inquiry. "What odd hours for hiring a car! Midnight till daylight." She stared at him imperiously, and I could not catch her eye.

"All hours are the same to a physician."

"Why didn't you use your own car?"

The obvious answer to this was that it was out of order, but Morton did not make it. Instead he reddened angrily. "I don't understand what you're getting at, Barbara."

"It's only that I've heard that a Palmer car was in the neighborhood of Ernie's home between 1 and 2 the night of March 21st, and that there was some one bundled up in blankets on the back seat. I suppose you can prove you were nowhere about at the time."

The teacup fell from Sylvia's hand and splintered on the floor. The sound of that breaking china reverberated like thunder.

Morton looked across at her, but her air of consternation was hardly reassuring to a fond lover. He turned again to Barbara. "Are you asking me to prove an alibi?"

"Yes, I am. After all, I'm Ernie's cousin, and I'm responsible for your engagement to Sylvia."

"Please leave Sylvia's name out of the discussion."

If the broken teacup had evolved a voice to protest, I could hardly have been more surprised than to have Sylvia take part in this controversy. "No," she said, with a novel peremptoriness. "I am not to be left out. I—I have too much at stake. Tell me what you heard, Barbara."

It was too late for me to stop her, even if I had thought it best, and I was not sure it was. I had given Morton several chances to tell of his whereabouts on the night of March twenty-first, and tho I liked and trusted him, his reticence had puzzled me. It was no more than right that he should explain to his future wife what he had been doing that fateful night.

In the fewest words possible Barbara repeated Adelaide Pearson's story, and as she spoke Sylvia sat looking at her clasped hands. She did not raise her eyes till Barbara had ceased speaking, then her gaze was a challenge.

Morton replied to her look, tho she had not spoken. "I have nothing to say."

"Oh," murmured Sylvia, and stood up. I was uncertain whether she was going to throw herself into his arms, or denounce him. She set my doubts at rest by removing her engagement ring—a very modest diamond—and laying it on the table, among the tea things. "I'm sorry I broke your cup," she said as politely as if china mattered when hearts were breaking.

"Don't mention it," Morton was as formally polite as she. He helped Barbara on with her coat, leaving me to perform the same service for Sylvia. He was as white as death and held his head like a wounded lion. I could see that Barbara was quaking inwardly.

"It isn't that we don't trust you, Morton," she said at the door. "But there oughtn't to be any mysteries in a matter like this. We're ready to hear your explanations."

"I have none to make," Morton replied, and held the door open. There was nothing for us to do but to walk out.

My wife accused herself of inconsistency many times in the weeks that followed. "If I were going to tell Sylvia, and make her break her engagement, I should have told Aunt Carrie, too, whatever came of it."

I owned that this seemed the logical course.

"It looks bad, his refusal to explain," Barbara continued angrily. "Ernie Dillingham has disappeared as completely as a soap bubble does when it bursts, and Morton is the only person on earth to profit by it. Under the circumstances, it's up to him to clear himself."

But for all that her position was perfectly reasonable, Barbara did not take Ernie Dillingham's mother into her confidence. Of course we saw nothing of Morton that summer, and very little of Sylvia. A discarded suitor bobbed up from somewhere and courted her assiduously. Barbara expressed her certainty that Sylvia would marry him.

"She simply must marry somebody," explained Barbara. "She's one of the girls who need a man around to wait on her, and make love to her and baby her and spoil her generally. Of course she doesn't care for Mr. Spencer, as she did for Morton. Sylvia isn't exactly fickle, but she'll marry him."

It was late the following fall when I came home from a Western trip and took Barbara to the seashore for the week-end. The only time I like the big resorts is after the crowd has gone. When we got back there was a pile of mail on the library table, and Barbara sat down to read it, woman fashion, before she had taken off her hat. She was half way down the pile when she screamed so shrilly that I made an instinctive move toward the brass poker by the fireplace, under the impression that there was a mouse in the room. Then I saw her face, and jumped to catch her. For the first time since I had known her, she seemed on the point of fainting.

Barbara's gray cheek pressed against my shoulder for a moment, then lifted. "Read it—read it," she gasped, thrusting a letter into my hand. I turned to the signature first, and I felt as limp as she looked.

The letter was an astounding production. If I had not taken the precaution of keeping it, I should almost suspect myself of having made it up:

Dear Cousin Barbara:

I am writing to ask if you and Cousin George will lend me a hundred dollars. I cannot pay you till I am twenty-five, but then I will pay you five hundred dollars. I do not think you could put your money in anything that would pay you better.

I suppose you have all wondered what became of me that night. When I went out to mail my letter I met a friend of mine, Frank Hawkins, on his way to the train, and he told me all about his good luck. He had a thousand dollars left him, and he was going out West to see the world.

I went with him to the station and the train was so late that we had a long time to talk. I told Frank I'd rather have his thousand now than my fifty thousand when I was twenty-five. And then Frank offered to lend me five hundred dollars, half of his pile, for five thousand to be paid when I come into my money. I just jumped at it. Then Frank went over and bought my ticket. He had two overcoats along, and he let me take the heavy one, so nobody noticed I wasn't fixed up for a journey.

We've had a great old time. We've worked whenever our money got low, and we've seen a lot. But now we'd like to take quite a long jump, and we need about a hundred dollars for railroad fares. I hope Cousin George can accommodate me, and I hope you won't feel it necessary to mention this letter to mother. She would make such a fuss over having me away that she would spoil everything.

Your affectionate cousin,
ERNEST DILLINGHAM.

P. S.—When I receive the money, I will send you a paper saying that in case I die before I am twenty-five, you are to receive five hundred dollars.

P. S. No. 2—Please make check payable to John Starr, as I have been going by that name since leaving home.

The letter was mailed from a town in Colorado, and I remember that my first thought was that I would gladly pay my fare out, for the sake of giving Ernie a good spanking. When I thought of the anguish the boy had caused his mother, and the mischief he had wrought in other lives, my fingers itched to get hold of him. I left Barbara to break the news to her aunt. I was afraid that if I undertook it, I should free my mind about the boy, and Ernie's doting mother would never forgive me.

That task occupied Barbara the rest of the morning. Over our luncheon she fired a question at me, with her usual directness, "What about Morton?"

I pretended to misunderstand her. "Morton is not a subject for congratulation. He has lost his girl, and now that Ernie's come to life, his money's gone, too."

"He ought to be told at once," said my wife, "and I suppose we owe him an apology, even tho he was wrong when he refused to explain." She looked up at the clock. "His office hours are from one to three. Let's go over and tell him, and see if he wants to be friends again."

I did not like the job particularly, but I had left to Barbara the task of enlightening Mrs. Dillingham, and I felt it was up to me to stand by her in the interview with Morton. As it turned out, it was anything but dramatic. Morton heard the news about Ernie quietly, and he said he was very glad for Mrs. Dillingham's sake. He added that he would not have believed the boy capable of such heartlessness.

Barbara looked at him rather timidly. "I don't suppose you feel like forgiving us, Morton—George and me. It wasn't that we really suspected you, but we felt there was a mystery that ought to be cleared up."

I must acknowledge that Morton was very generous. He assured her that our stand was perfectly natural, and that he did not blame us in the least. "And I really am under great obligations to you, Barbara," he added, "for you opened my eyes to the fact that Sylvia cared nothing about me. Suppose I had married her and then Ernie had come to life! Good God! I can't be thankful enough for my escape."

We were in the inner office and just as Barbara was undertaking to defend the absent, the bell rang shrilly. We heard the door open and voices in the waiting-room. Barbara stood up.

"It's a patient, George," she said. "We mustn't keep Morton now. Can't you come to dinner tomorrow night, Morton? We'll have our talk out then."

Morton accepted without enthusiasm, and opened the door for us. Then he fell back with a gasp. There in the waiting-room, looking very pale under her dark veil, sat Sylvia Gleason.

We were a badly rattled trio. Barbara gave a muffled cry. Morton turned the color of chalk, and I have no doubt that I looked as much of a fool as I felt.

The Connoisseur

That which is old appeals to
him—
Old tapestries, old books,
Old paintings and old man-
uscripts,
Old dishes by old cooks.

His family is old, of course,
He traces back the line
To some great-great-great-
great grandpa
Born A. D. 909.

That which is old appeals to
him—
Old violins, old plate,
Old wine; he's eighty-one
himself—
His wife is twenty-eight.
—JOSEPH L. HANRAHAN *in Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Even the office girl seemed alarmed. Sylvia was the only one of us who preserved her poise.

"Oh, it's you, Barbara," she said. "I'm glad to see you and George, too. Please come back, both of you. I want you to hear what I have to say to Morton."

She put back her veil when we were all seated, and we saw she was startlingly thin as well as pale. But she looked up at Morton with steady eyes.

"I don't want you to misunderstand my coming here, Morton," she said. "You probably know I am engaged to Mr. Spencer. I am to be married in December."

Morton started to speak. I think he was trying to utter the usual formula of good wishes, but his voice died in his throat, and he sat looking at her with burning, unhappy eyes.

"I came to tell Morton," continued Sylvia, looking at us, "that I know now what he was doing with that Palmer car the night of March 21. I want to ask him to forgive me, if he can. You doubted him too, but that was different. You weren't going to marry him."

She did not look in Morton's direction again, and she could not see the waves of emotion that swept across his face. But while I listened to her, my eyes were all for him.

We were waiting with such tense nerves that Sylvia's beginning seemed tame. "I have a dressmaker who sews for me at the house, quite young she is and very clever. She's been away for a number of months, but this fall she came back to me and I set her to work on something for my trousseau. This morning something she said showed she thought I was still expecting to be married to—to Dr. Dillingham."

She flushed a fiery red at the recollection, but that was her only sign of embarrassment. Her voice was perfectly steady.

"She seemed very much excited when I explained, almost angry. I mistook what she said for impertinence and I was angry, too. It took us a long time to understand each other, but at last she told me her story. It is only right that you should hear it, Barbara. You wronged him, too."

Barbara's lips parted as if she were on the point of defending herself. She closed them without speaking.

"This poor girl," Sylvia went on, "lived with an aunt not far from Ernie Dillingham's home. The night of March 21st she was taken very sick and Dr. Dillingham was called. The aunt had no idea what ailed the girl. When the doctor told her—as he had to tell her—she started to jump out of the window."

I found it hard to believe my ears. Sylvia Gleason was one of the girls who not only never think of calling a spade a spade, but are taught to ignore the existence of spades altogether. And here she was facing the facts of life like a hospital nurse, or the heroine of a modern novel. Sylvia went her story.

"Dr. Dillingham quieted the by promising that she should disgraced. He promised to girl away. He went out to r rangements for her at some sm pital and came back with a his own—a little after 1 o'clo then when she was in the car, up in blankets, there was trou the engine. It was fifteen mi more before he could get it sta

I remembered the desperate sion that Adelaide Pearson had on the face of the man with the car. Small wonder, surely.

"Her baby was born that night," she explained as simply as if she had been discussing auction bridge. "At first she hated it and only thought of ways to get rid of it, but the doctor—Morton—talked to her till she felt differently. And when she was strong enough, he helped her to go away to a place he knew of, where she could work and have her baby with her. But the poor little thing died when it was only 3 months old. It had never been very strong. You see," she ended, a catch in her voice, "the reason that he couldn't explain was that it was ano ught to secret—a woman's secret. e that have known it was somethi s desk

She was sitting near M of the and he was on the other his feet room. All at once he lea r. A and took two strides tow third would have taken him the wall of the house. ruck the desk

"Listen to me." He st you are going with his fist. "You say mber. That's to marry Spencer in Dece o marry me. not true. You're going t today." at Morton

I had a confused notion th was up had suddenly gone insane and ld get to me to interfere. Before I cou ara's to my feet the pressure of Bar here fingers on my arm told me to keep w I was.

"My cousin Ernie is alive," he th un- dered at her. "That's the en f the fifty thousand dollars as far as u and I are concerned. You'll have t ve on what I can earn for you, and 'll be precious little for some years You'll have to give up being a doll oman. You must work as your bette have done for generations, and scri and sacrifice, and be my helpmate, a bear my children, and make me the n you want me to be. Sylvia, Sylvia

There's no accounting for t es. I should have said that such a ooing was not likely to appeal to any woman since the cave-dwelling perio But when he took her in his arms, r head went down on his shoulder th the droop that shows surrender. d then they hustled me off to get th license and to pick up a minister. T were married at our house at 6 o'c k that evening and Barbara's weddi nner did her credit, considering th was entirely impromptu.

In my way I am a useful m r of society. By the unanimous v the family I was elected to visit rado and bring Ernie home. I did ring him by the ear, as I should been glad to do, but I flatter mysel before he reached home he had n to have an inkling of the enorm his conduct. What he will do he comes into his money two y from now it is impossible to say, bu present he is living quietly with h ther, working regularly in the bo ping department of a wholesale mil y establishment, and showing no rence of his nomadic tendencies.

Morton's bark was worse his bite. Sylvia is not a doll wom to be sure, but neither is she an ov rked drudge. And the babies are captivating kids, built on much same lines as a kewpie, that the Gle s, who started out by being very nas capitulated to the first grandson. little boy was named Morton for h ather, but the girl is Barbara.

Second Installment of a Powerful Story of Mystery Centered About an Ancient Jewel of the Aztecs

The Blood of Montezuma

By Victor Ardmore

Events Leading to Present Situation.

SEAVER WINDHAM, wealthy young American, always in search of adventure, is mistaken for a friend named Lopez by a dying Mexican, and, after receiving secret instructions, hurries off to the Aztec brotherhood guarding the treasures of Montezuma, and successfully passes himself as Corter, the man he found dying. In a mountain vault, known only to the chosen few, he views the Blood of Montezuma, a wonderful sacred jewel. For an unaccountable reason he is attacked on leaving the vault and leaves his attacker for dead. On arriving home, he finds to his dismay that the sacred jewel is in his possession.

This gripping tale of Mexican intrigue and mystery began in No. 21, the Ledger, May 25. Back numbers of the Ledger may be obtained from our agents, newsdealers or from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER V.
SOMETHING HAPPENS.

IT WAS there. It was possible to mistake one diamond for another, but this cousin of diamonds was unlike any other. A short time before Windham had, as he believed, seen the Blood of Montezuma locked up in the far mountain vault, yet here it lay almost at his feet, and it had come out of his pocket when Radd Bodil plucked out the handkerchief.

Thing of beauty, it rested against the wall, quiet enough now, but from its heart the splendor flashed at the two men in a shimmer of color that, under other circumstances, would have brought rapture.

It was not of its beauty Windham thought. He was amazed to see it there, and his dismay was beyond words. He could have sworn it had been locked up in the vault as usual, and it was certain he never had laid hands upon it, yet it had been in his pocket.

What did it mean? And how was it to be explained?

"The Effendi has made a rare purchase."

Radd Bodil's words brought the American to his feet and, hastening forward, picked up the gem. Then its rays shot into his face as if the radiance of the sun had been compressed into its heart. He held what would have driven a woman to transports of joy, but which to him was an object of consternation, almost of madness.

"The Effendi has been to a rare dealer," added Radd Bodil softly.

"Very rare!" agreed Windham impulsively.

"No wonder he wishes to take a journey home."

"No wonder!" said the master grimly. "But if he carries it so openly he may never get it there, for there are thieves."

"True, true," admitted Windham, absently.

He was vaguely aware that his servant said more, but he did not hear what. He was grappling with the problem forced upon him. Possession of the gem brought sundry conditions with it, one of which was that if the Twelve Brethren knew he had it they would, if other means failed, murder him to get it back. This was not pleasant, but it was not what was most in his mind.

The Brethren had his sympathy, and he wished they had their gem, but how was it to be returned to them? Eleven Brethren had scattered for eleven widely separated points in Mexico, and he did not know the address of any of them. Mexico was not rich in directories, and advertising was risky for both himself and the safety of the gem, even if the Brethren read newspapers, which was not certain.

He gladly would have given a large sum to have the thing back in its nest of wool—but how was he to get it there? It was greatly to be doubted that he could find the nook in the mountains where the vault was, and next to absolutely sure that, if he found it, he could not penetrate to the vault itself.

A little had been told him there, but the veteran Brethren would never trust a new associate with full access to the vault if alone. Never! If he found the outer cave he never would be able to penetrate to the interior.

Yet, here was the gem so precious to the Brethren, a thing they asserted was the life-blood of their revered king, and the chief impulse of his heart was to restore it to them. Grim and threatening as they were, their watch thru the centuries appealed to him, and his full sympathy was theirs. The question whether the gem had come into existence in the manner they asserted was nothing. They believed it, which was much. They were faithful men devoted to a cause dear to their hearts, and he wanted them to have the Blood of Montezuma where it had lain so long.

But how was it to be returned?

He studied the question with total disregard for Radd Bodil. What that capable man did during the interval his master never knew. He was wholly wrapped up in other things, and Radd was like one not there.

Presently another and startling feature of the case again claimed attention. How had the gem come into his possession?

When the senior brother started to close the door Windham's eyes had been on the gem, and then—the door had closed. He had gone out almost at once, yet he had brought the thing of beauty to the hotel in his pocket, loose like a worthless article. How—he stirred angrily as he saw the futility of speculation and turned again to the main point. How was he to restore it to the Brethren?

Five minutes later he rose abruptly. He was athirst for motion, physical action, something to shake off the nightmare that was upon him. He desired to walk, and walk far and fast. Thrusting his unwelcome trophy into his pocket he turned to Radd Bodil.

"I'm going out, alone!" he said curtly.

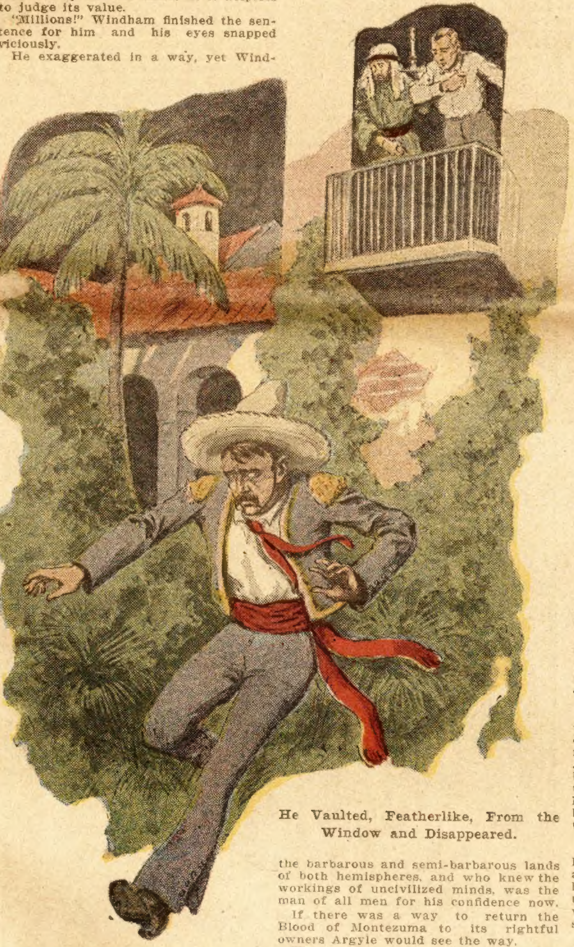
"If the Effendi wishes," said the servant gently. "Yet, if his slave may advise, it is better the wonderful gem should be placed in the hotel safe than that it should be carried in the pocket. There are thieves, and the gem is worth ——" he spread his hands as if helpless to judge its value.

"Millions!" Windham finished the sentence for him and his eyes snapped viciously.

He exaggerated in a way, yet Windham knew the gem that would have brought only thousands in the open market had another sort of value that was not to be put into terms of money.

The American left the hotel. He took the street that would soonest bring him to the suburbs, longing to leave men and their dwellings behind. He walked rapidly, and, walking, studied the perplexity. For an hour he labored in vain, and the idea finally came to him overpoweringly that he wanted a friend to consult with. Where was he to find him? He had confidence in Radd Bodil, but he was not the man for this emergency. More than intelligence was needed—his adviser must be of a class in life that raised him above dollars and cents.

When he had found his answer it came like an inspiration. A few days later he was to meet his friend, Captain Argyle, in Vera Cruz. Argyle, world-wide traveler for many years, intimately familiar with the people of all the barbarous and semi-barbarous lands of both hemispheres, and who knew the workings of uncivilized minds, was the man of all men for his confidence now.



He Vaulted, Featherlike, From the Window and Disappeared.

If there was a way to return the Blood of Montezuma to its rightful owners Argyle would see the way.

Windham went back to the hotel in better spirits. Before entering his room he slipped a hand into his pocket and found the gem safe. Radd Bodil awaited him.

"Do we," asked that man, an hour later, "start off on a new adventure soon?"

Windham smiled. His servant thought, and not without cause, that he lived only for wild events, and was as ready to follow where his employer led as the faithful dog that watches its master's every motion.

"You forget that we are soon to be in Louisiana. From here we go to Vera Cruz, where I want to arrive Saturday. Two days after that a steamer departs for the United States. This plan gives us four days more here."

"I am grieved, Effendi, that my arm kept me here while you were last away."

"Better that than a broken leg, Radd. I'll lie down and sleep now."

Just as he was falling asleep he remembered vaguely that he had never yet mentioned Captain Argyle to his servant. It had been a chance omission, but now that events had turned as they had he was not sorry. Until he had talked with the explorer it was just as well to keep his own counsel.

There was nothing of importance to do while in the city. Windham proceeded to do the small things that fell to his lot. He attended some amusements, and strolled about idly. Whenever he walked or rode he saw other persons, and as they passed him he sometimes remembered the Twelve Brethren and wished that one of them would appear and give him chance to be rid of the gem.

In the evening of the second day he went to a dealer who sold American-made cigars, purchased a pocketful and slowly returned to the hotel. The streets were unusually crowded and walkers necessarily moved close to each other. Several times he was jostled, but always an apology followed and he had no cause for complaint.

At the hotel entrance he paused and looked carelessly at those who passed. He was thus engaged when he chanced to direct his gaze across the way. On that sidewalk many moved in a crowd, elbow to elbow, or toe to heel, yet out of the press a single face seemed to shoot into view—a dark face, lean and smooth, with black hair and a long, black mustache below, and features like those of a hawk.

Windham was away from the door with a bound. Reckless of passing teams, he crossed the way and entered the crowd where he had seen—he did not doubt that it was Crispo Bayer, the one of the Twelve Brethren whose peculiar appearance had made him more noticeable when in the vault than anybody else.

The hawk-like man was wanted. A few words with him, a shifting of the Blood of Montezuma, and one of its true owners would have it.

Windham looked to the right and left, but did not see the Aztec. Little time had elapsed and, in that crowded place, rapid motion was impossible. He could not have gone far, yet the American did not see him. Which way had he gone? He must be found and the gem transferred.

In the center of the sidewalk Windham came to an abrupt halt. His fingers had strayed to his pockets, to grasp the gem preparatory to returning it, but they did not close upon anything. Instead, they fumbled, at first tentatively, then in nervous haste. Then they became stationary, as marble-like as their owner, who stood and blocked the course of others without knowing it.

The Blood of Montezuma was gone!

The trance broke, Windham hurried to a doorway and began a fresh search. The pocket was empty and there was no tear thru which the gem could have dropped and been lost. The possibility that he might thoughtlessly have put it in some other place caused him to hunt in all his pockets, but nothing came of it.

The red stone was gone!

For a while consternation dulled his wits, but gradually Windham's mind cleared. When had he seen it last? He remembered clearly, or thought he did. At ten o'clock in the forenoon he had been alone in his room, and had removed the gem and examined it by a strong light. After satisfying his curiosity he had returned it to the pocket—or intended to.

But had he?

He recrossed the street hurriedly, no longer hunting for the hawk-faced man, and entered the hotel, going straight to his sleeping-room. In crossing the sitting-room he saw Radd Bodil by the window of the servant's private room, smoking and looking out.

In his own bedroom Windham hunted on the floor. Groveling on hands and knees, he felt and peered, but without success. The lost article was not there. Going back to the sitting-room, he gave attention to the floor there, and with equal lack of success, then swooped down upon Radd Bodil.

"Have you," he asked, "by chance picked up anything of mine?"

"Does the Effendi mean his handkerchief?" asked the Arab, respectfully.

"No. Something else."

"I have picked up nothing else."

"I have lost something, a small object. Will you aid me to make minute search? Let not so much as a pinhead escape us."

They searched. Floors, chairs, beds, and all other furniture, and every fabric there was turned inside out, shaken, twisted, felt of, subjected to microscopic attention, but nothing was found.

CHAPTER VI.

HUNTED!

WINDHAM looked up to find Radd Bodil's gaze fixed upon him so sympathetically that the look was, in a measure, a balm for his perturbed mind.

"I am very sorry," said the model servant, "that the Effendi should have lost his money."

"It was not money," the American explained. "The red stone is gone."

Radd Bodil started back in dismay.

"The diamond?" he cried, and his voice quavered.

"Gone!"

"Lost! But how?—when, where?"

"Tell me that and I will pay you many gold coins. I had it at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and took it from my vest pocket, after which I put it back. Just before I last returned to the hotel I found that it was missing."

"The matchless diamond—gone!"

"I think I have said so," replied Windham irritably. "Has any stranger, or a hotel servant, been in these rooms?"

"No, Effendi."

"Then how has it been lost?"

"You say you carried it out on the street with you?"

"Yes. At least, so I suppose, but from the moment I had it at ten o'clock I saw nothing of it. Perhaps I then dropped it on the floor, trying to put it in its place. If you are sure nobody has intruded here——"

"Nobody has been here, Effendi."

"I suppose I carried it out with me on the walk I've just finished. Looks as if my pocket was picked."

"Impossible!" declared Radd Bodil.

"Why so? The street was crowded, and men now and then jostled me as we moved. What so simple as to run a hand into my pocket and steal the gem?"

"Impossible! The Effendi is alertness itself. Often I have marveled at his instinctive care of himself and his property. Wholly lacking in timidity, he nevertheless has a singular sense by which he foresees danger. Had a hand been thrust into his pocket he would have felt the touch where others would have failed to feel it. Have I not often noticed this alertness in him."

Windham was silent. Accustomed to giving strict attention to the Arab's theories, belief in a pickpocket wavered, but he saw that to drop the theory was to narrow the track of suspicion almost wholly to himself and Radd Bodil. Only a very honest servant, he thought, would have taken pains to destroy other theories when his argument turned the possibilities wholly upon himself.

"Who," continued Radd, "was the friend who walked with the Effendi when he went away from the hotel?"

"Eh? Why, I saw no friend, and nobody that I knew walked with me."

"But the Effendi spoke with him."

"Wrong! I spoke with nobody. What do you mean?"

The Arab looked at vacancy for a moment in deep thought, and then his straightforward gaze came back to his master.

"I think the Effendi forgets. I was at the window as he went out, and he had barely turned south than a man came from near the door of this building and stepped off quickly and overtook him, after which they walked side by side. I saw him stare at the Effendi, and it seemed to me they talked with each other. He was still moving along by the Effendi's side when I last watched them."

"There is some mistake—and yet, perhaps not. Numerous men and women were on the street. If one of them had walked some distance at my elbow it was nothing to attract my attention. Still, I spoke with no one, and noticed no one do it. What did he look like?"

"He was a little taller than most men here, with black hair and a long black mustache, and his face was so sharp that he was like a hawk."

"What?" cried Windham, startled.

"Even so, Effendi."

"And he walked by my side as I went away?"

"As far as I watched, Effendi."

Radd Bodil had surely interested his master. A wide field of thought opened before the American. Incredible as it seemed, it now looked as if the Twelve Brethren had learned that he had the gem, and had planned to recover it. If so, they had not failed, and Windham paid due mental tribute to Crispo Bayer's deft fingers. Walking by his side, it would have been easy to thrust a hand close to the pocket where the Blood of Montezuma was, but a light touch had been necessary to abstract it without detection.

"Describe him more fully," he directed.

Radd Bodil obeyed, and told of him in minute detail—motions, dress and more, and it was something that fitted Crispo perfectly. It seemed certain that the hawk-faced man had walked by his side, and that it was he Windham had noticed, later, across the street.

He lost his downcast expression and beamed upon the Arab.

"We have got at it. Merely a case of pocket-picking, and nothing could be better. Good riddance go with it!"

"But," cried Radd, alarmed, "the Effendi will surely put the police on the track? He will surely recover his beautiful diamond, even if it takes years to do? The priceless treasure—the glittering glory—the essence of the sun—the Effendi will pursue the thieves!"

"The Effendi will do nothing of the sort!" declared Windham, with a happy laugh. "Does a man chase the smallpox he has got rid of? Does he hunt for the millstone that has dropped from his neck? Does he touch a match to the gunpowder he sits upon? Farewell, red brilliant! They did well to steal it so neatly—but see here, Radd Bobil, how did they know in just what pocket to look for it?"

His laugh was not repeated. The last idea was troublesome to his theory. It was certain that he had not been felt over fully, like a horse by a prospective purchaser, so the question sobered him. If his pocket had been picked the lawless hand had gone to the right place unerringly. It was too strange to be dismissed lightly.

"Perhaps," suggested the Arab, "they looked into the window and saw where it was put. Or, men who carry treasure of money or other valuables often betray its hiding-place by moving their own hands to the spot to make sure it is there. Thieves notice such things."

"I am not so foolish as to do the last thing. As for the window, well, I don't believe anybody looked in. Let me think!"

He sat down and considered, and the more he thought the less willing he was to believe he had been victim of a pickpocket. As his servant had said, he was very sensitive to unfriendly touches, and it was hard to credit that a hand could be thrust into his vest, even in a crowd, and he not detect it. Having arrived at that decision, he told himself he was afflicted with vanity and grew uncertain.

One point was rather well established—the guardians of the sacred gem were in the city and on his track. That meant something. Even if they had the Blood of Montezuma back, they would not look tolerantly on the supposed traitor who knew their secrets.

"If they can accomplish their plans I'm the same as a dead man!" he grimly thought. "Believing I shall spread their story abroad they will see that I don't do it—if they can stop my tongue. Death is a great curb on too much talking."

Radd Bodil, regarding his master with great gravity, was suddenly surprised to see him brighten up wonderfully and then spring to his feet.

"Get ready!" the American directed. "We are going out."

"As the Effendi wishes. But where?"

"In the streets, to let the thieves find us!"

"Eh?"

"We will show ourselves and see what will happen. I would like speech with the hawk-faced man. Stay, Radd! You will not go by my side, but a hundred feet in the rear. Watch! See everything, and if you discover that I am dogged, sound the cricket cry to warn me."

"It shall be so, Effendi. With our four revolvers we shall be a match for the unregenerate sons of the mountains——"

"Wait a bit! We will go armed, but not a shot shall be fired unless our lives are in positive peril and can be saved in no other way. Bear that in mind! I want to speak with those men, but not to harm them. I may have the ill luck to be shot from ambush, but with your eyes to help me I think not."

"Effendi, it is best that you kill them!" said Radd Bodil earnestly.

"No! If I can speak with them—well, I'm going to try. Ready?"

"Here are four revolvers. You have seen me load them. They will not fail. Before we return we shall have killed—how many of them are there, Effendi?"

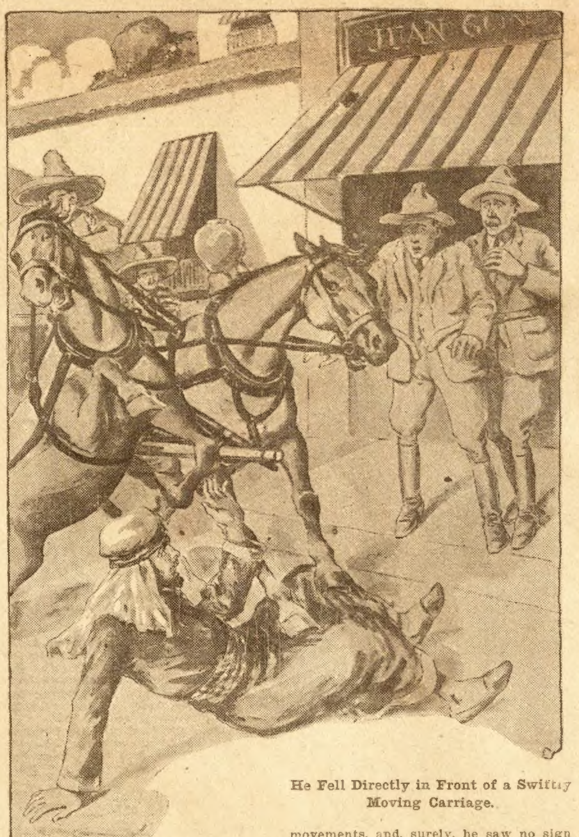
"A dozen or two."

"Before we return we shall have killed a dozen or two," finished the Arab with simple directness.

Windham smiled, but he was not so sure it was to be a safe or easy venture. Perhaps if the Brethren had the gem they were already in retreat to a distant region, but, if not, they might possibly take a secret shot at him from a wayside house. All this he was ready to risk, in the hope that he would get peaceful speech with them.

The attempt was made, and soon he was proceeding along the main street with Radd Bodil following as planned. Both did their work well. Windham walked with outward unconcern, tho keenly observant of all things by the way, and the Arab was a quiet, innocent plodder in the rear.

For two hours the leader persisted, but it was lost labor. He did not see anybody who seemed interested in his movements, and, surely, he saw no sign of Crispo Bayer.



He Fell Directly in Front of a Swiftly Moving Carriage.

They returned to the hotel and ascended to their rooms. Radd Bodil made a light, and as its rays dispelled the darkness they had their quarters under full view. They stood speechless at the result.

Confusion was everywhere. Furniture had been moved, all fabrics were flung upon the floor, and, in general, it was as if a cyclone had raged during their absence. Radd Bodil threw up his hands in dismay.

"We hunted in the wrong quarter," said Windham coolly. "While we helped to wear out the sidewalks they have been here and had a long, quiet look for the red stone."

"Beard of the Prophet!" breathed the Arab huskily. "They do not fear, they do not even respect us. They are dogs of dogs and swine of swine!"

"Rather lively for porkers," returned the American drily. "Well, here we have it. They have ransacked our premises——"

"Effendi," cried Radd, suddenly stirred into new life, "they had not stolen the diamond from your pocket. Had it been so they would not have ventured here."

"So it seems."

"Then who has the marvelous stone?"

The servant faced his master and his face was eloquent. Always grave of expression, he now had the added element that told of grief and regret too deep for mere words. He spread his hands in his favorite gesture.

"Effendi," he pursued earnestly, "there is now nobody to suspect but your unworthy slave. Allah is great, and his ways are inscrutable, yet would I free myself from this aspersion of evil fate. Light of the world, thy slave will strip himself like the telegraph poles of thy people that the Effendi may search and see that he has not the diamond."

"Not an atom of need of it, good Radd. I trust you fully. If this visit to our rooms practically proves that the hawk-faced man has not picked my pocket, it still leaves a few million more of men open to suspicion. Other thieves walk the streets of this city, and, after all, pocket picking is not an immensely difficult matter——"

"The Effendi is kind, but I would be searched——"

Radd Bodil of the East urged his claim with eloquence, and Windham gave way. The man disrobed, and a thoro search was made, his clothes being felt over from stockings to hat, but the Blood of Montezuma was not found. Radd dressed with sorrowful satisfaction, but Windham barely kept his equanimity. He had never suspected his follower, but if he was really the thief he had been allowed some hours in which he could have concealed the gem elsewhere. The search was a farce.

They put the rooms to rights and went each to his own bed.

Lying there, even good nerves did not enable the American to fall asleep readily. Perplexity and exasperation pressed upon him, and he was not forgetful of the further fact that danger was abroad.

The Twelve Brethren had lost the sacred stone and knew it had been in his possession, and they must believe him to be a deliberate thief. For such a man, and for one who held a great secret threatening to them, death was the only remedy.

Had he been given the chance he would have demurred at the idea of having a pack of assassins on his track, but the undoubted peril did not hasten the beating of his pulse an atom. It was not like him to fall into a panic.

But the diamond—his mind turned to the mystery of its loss. When and how had it gone? Just then he was unwilling to believe a lawless hand had been slipped into his pocket on the street and the stone purloined so skilfully that he had been ignorant of what was going on.

Who, then, had taken it? Who had had the chance?

The answer to the last question was easy. One man had been with him in his rooms, had seen the gem, had cared for his garments, had had unlimited chances to abstract the treasure, and nobody else had enjoyed this opportunity.

No wave of suspicion was awakened against Radd Bodil, but the question was natural—what did Windham know of him? Nothing! The man had come into his life and remained there, but what was his history? He was familiar with many foreign lands—Russia, China, Japan, India, Australia, Turkey, Arabia—scores of places. It was not to be doubted that he had been there. Sometimes he talked quietly, relating his experiences, but it was chiefly the strange that he talked about. Never boasting, it was impossible to say, from his account, anything more than that he had traveled much.

He claimed to be an Arab, but Windham had only his word for it. What more? Nothing!

He had been near his master when the red stone vanished, and the fact was not to be ignored, yet, calmly and unhesitatingly, and without even the spurring impulse that he should be loyal to one who had served him well in former days, Windham mentally pronounced Radd innocent.

Somebody else had the Blood of Montezuma, but who it was—he fell asleep while considering.

He awakened, after some hours, and not in a natural way. There was a slight stir in his room and feet pattered softly on the floor. It was no surprise, but, staring at the darkness, he could not see so much as a vague outline. Confident that somebody was there to search for the diamond, he quietly possessed himself of his revolver and spoke.

"Senor," he said dispassionately, "let us talk it over."

There was another stir, louder than the first, but no reply. Windham had slipped quietly to the back of the bed, where he expected to feel or hear the thrust of a knife, but there was none. Utter silence was in the room.

"There is no need of trouble between us," he resumed, addressing the man he could not see. "I know what you want, and shall be glad to help you all I can. When you hear my explanation you will see that I am not——"

There was a sound at the window, and he realized that the man, or men, were endeavoring to beat a stealthy retreat.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, "Hear me; I have not the thing you want——"

The door of his room swung back and light shone in. Radd Bodil was there, a candle in one hand, a revolver in the other. His master gave him one look, then turned to the prowler.

It was he of the hawk face, Crispo Bayer.

Even while Windham looked the intruder vaulted feather-like from the window and disappeared, a light thump coming fast after. Radd Bodil had raised the revolver, but, as he received an angry look from Windham, he lowered it. The latter ran to his clothes, drew on trousers and coat hastily, then leaped from the window, as Crispo had done before him. It was no trifling distance, but he alighted with whole bones.

The Aztec was not to be seen.

There was yet another thump and Radd was beside him, not even clad in one street garment. The Arab was zealous, but he was not wanted.

"Go back!" ordered his master imperatively. "I want to do this alone. Go back'"

Uncertain which way to go, he took the chance that was the most promising and ran down the street. It was not until half an hour had been passed in fruitless wandering that the hunt was abandoned. Disappointed and out of temper, he returned to the hotel and was soon in his room. Radd Bodil met him with grave concern, noted his angry face and bowed his head to meet the coming reproof.

Knowing he had interrupted, before, at a critical moment, even his innocence did not excuse him. Yet, the reproof was never made. It would not undo the damage and the American saved his breath.

"What," he asked, "do you know about this affair?"

"Nothing, Effendi," Radd replied, "save that I heard sounds that seemed suspicious, and I came to look. If it be thy will that thy servant shall be beaten——"

"You did not shoot at any man while I was away?"

"No, Effendi."

"Never shoot at that party without my permission. The intruding gentleman was after the red gem. Radd, bring a bottle of wine and we will drink."

It was the end of the adventure, and the end of signs from the Twelve Brethren for some time. During the rest of their stay in the city no avenging Aztec was discovered. Windham kept sharp watch for assassins, and, meanwhile, wondered where the Blood of Montezuma was.

The day came that he was to start for Vera Cruz, and he and Radd went in saddle.

During the whole journey no hostile shot was fired, but they soon became aware they were followed by other horsemen. Later, a view that was almost an encounter showed that Crispo Bayer was one of the party, and that two others were with him, but the trio slipped away like shadows.

From that time Windham devoted all his energy to getting speech with them. He made sudden halts at irregular hours, he doubled on his track like a hare, he used every possible device to bring himself face to face with them, and failed every time.

Yet, there was evidence that the pursuit was continued even to the houses of Vera Cruz.

Having arrived Windham put up at a hotel he had patronized before. Being full of his expectation of meeting his old friend, Captain Argyle, he hoped he would be at the same place, but it was not so. After eating he gave Radd Bodil permission to occupy his time as he would and set out to find Argyle, which was easily done.

They were soon in conversation in the older man's room.

Argyle looked the man he was, a citizen of the world, yet cities had never interested him. Passion for the wild, the primitive and the strange had led him to many lands, and he knew the way of different peoples and different religions and superstitions as well as any man living.

"I'm glad you arrived on time," he said after a few minutes. "Two days later I go to Hidalgotitlan, whence three of us start for Yucatan. I am hardly satisfied with past explorations, and wish to penetrate farther into the maze there. Can't you make one of our party?"

It was an alluring invitation, but the business that called Windham to his home in Louisiana was not to be deferred and he said as much. Something else was dominating his mind, and, as soon as he could properly do so, he opened his subject. His resolution never to tell any one of the Twelve Brethren, the mountain vault and the Blood of Montezuma had been changed by recent developments, and he wanted advice.

Never had he a more attentive listener, for the story took quick hold upon Argyle, but the latter said little except to ask pertinent questions until the end was reached.

"Now," said Windham, in conclusion, "I want your opinion, your advice and everything else. Yes, and especially I want light."

The explorer smoked a while in silence, and, tho perfectly calm, there was a gleam in his eyes that told of keen interest.

"First," he finally replied, "we cannot doubt that the secret brotherhood, the vault and the red-hued gem are to the Aztecs, what they seem. You and I cannot believe that a drop of blood from any man's veins ever was miraculously turned into a gem, but that is no point—if the guardians of the relics think as they do, it is from that standpoint we must look at matters."

"How," asked Windham explosively, "did that diamond get into my pocket?"

"You say you are sure the diamond was in its proper place when the door began to close under the touch of the Senior Brother?"

"Yes."

"Did anything interrupt the closing?"

"Yes, one of the Brothers accidentally dropped his dagger, and it fell to the stone floor with a clang."

"What did you do then?"

"Looked to see what had caused the racket, but stood still."

"Did anybody else look?"

"Yes, several of the party did, and perhaps all."

"After which the door was closed?"

"Yes."

"The diamond was stolen during that pause. The clang of the dagger led all to look that way—all but the thief. While other eyes were averted he slipped his hand in and took the gem."

"Exactly the way I've studied it out, but how did it get into my pocket?"

"You say you were assaulted after going a few rods from the vault?"

"Yes."

"The thief was cunning. If its loss was discovered at once he did not want to lose his life, so he thrust it into your pocket, instead of his own, and afterwards waylaid you and tried to steal it back."

"The man who assaulted me was a chosen Brother —"

"But you say, present for his first year?"

"Yes."

"He may not have been an accredited Brother, but, like yourself, an intruder, or, it may be, a sudden, overwhelming temptation came upon him and he snatched the gem while other eyes were suddenly averted. The neatness with which he slipped the evidence of his guilt into your pocket suggests that, even if a chosen Brother, he was a light-fingered fellow before that day. However, you bested him and left him unconscious, so you had a peaceful ride to the City of Mexico. Exit, Miguel Vasco!"

"Carrying the stone with me. Exactly, but how did the faithful Brethren learn that I had it?"

"It is useless to guess, but they did learn it, and they followed. They are still following, and, frankly, their warfare will be stopped only by discovery of the stone or death."

"But," Windham demanded, "where is the gem now?"

Argyle looked at his companion with the faintest possible smile, but the situation was too serious for laughter or light speech.

"Where is the gem now?" he repeated slowly. "That I don't know, but do you really feel uncertain as to who last stole it?"

"I certainly don't know who it was," Windham replied.

"The thief was Radd Bodil!"

"I cannot believe that!" asserted Windham, tho his voice did not ring with impregnable conviction. "I have full faith in Radd Bodil."

"Let's look at the man in the light of history. You met him first six months ago and he became your servant, a post he has filled with the skill of intelligence, and possibly with the decorum of transient honor. We admit he was faithful to you. When you brought the gem before his eyes he saw a stone worth thousands of dollars, and—he was a man of wide experience. He could estimate its value in a way——"

"Wait a bit!" Windham urged. "When he saved my life from the panther, at our first meeting, I offered him five thousand dollars as a reward, and he declined it. Was that the way of a covetous man?"

"The way of a human product of the Far East is not to be measured by Anglo-Saxon standards. You say he claims to be an Arab?"

"Yes."

"The name, Radd Bodil, is not that of an Arab. Twist it as you will, you cannot get even an Arabian perfume out of it. Yet, he may be an Arab—I don't challenge his claim until I've seen him. To return to business. When the gem was purloined from you at the hotel, who got it? Certainly not the Twelve Brethren. There is one chance that it was a dishonest employe in the hotel, or an outside thief, and ninety-nine chances that it was Radd Bodil."

"Argyle, I really can't think that. I trust the man implicitly."

"Far be it from me to brand him unjustly, and I'll see him before being too positive, but you must admit that things point his way. He knew of the gem and others did not. He had abundant chance and they had next to none."

"But I believed I had it in my pocket when I went out the day it was lost. The crowd was dense, and rascals must have been there."

"Admitted! On the other hand, you are a man accustomed to wide wanderings, and that's something that brings alertness. The pocket of a coat can be picked rather easily, but not that of a vest. If you doubt, try it! No, no Windham, the diamond was not lost on the street. You parted from it before then, and in the hotel. Somebody stole it from you. If it was not Radd Bodil, who was it?"

"I want you to see him!" exclaimed Windham.

"And I want to see him."

"By the way, I have not mentioned your name to him. He merely knows I expected to meet a friend here."

"I am rather glad you did not give my name, for, tho there are millions of men of the dreamy, wicked East who never heard of me, some hundreds have seen me. Windham, you like your servant, and if I can clear his skirts, even if no more than theoretically, I'll gladly do it. I hope he is as honorable as he is agreeable to you."

Two hours later, with the afternoon waning, they set out together for Windham's hotel, the main object being to get sight of Radd Bodil and have him under Argyle's study.

They were half way to their destination and, walking side by side with Windham next to the curb, deeply engaged in talking of the captain's explorations, when there was an interruption. Radd Bodil appeared near his master, his course showing that he had just crossed the street. As soon as Windham's gaze was upon him he spoke quickly but softly.

"Beware, Effendi! The hawk-faced man is following you. Shall I——"

He stopped short. His shifting eyes had fallen upon Argyle's face and the result was startling. His eyes dilated, his brown skin grew gray, and something like terror was in his manner. Then he made a fatal error. He who had faced the fiercest animals of Mexico coolly, and without flaw of judgment, forgot that he was near the limit of the raised walk. Overstepping its limits he failed to find footing as expected, then stumbled and fell directly in front of a swiftly-moving carriage horse.

It was over in an instant. Horse and carriage passed over him, and when they had gone by Radd Bodil lay writhing.

What was there about Argyle which had so startled Radd Bodil? Where had these two adventurers met before? This and other things you will learn in the next installment of this absorbing serial, to be published in the Ledger next week.

Nurse Tells of Russias Plight

SEVENTEEN days from Kiev to Tiflis in Persia, under harrowing conditions. Lack of food and hospital supplies in both Russia and Persia were some of the things which Miss Sophie Kiel, an American Red Cross nurse just returned from the other side, encountered in her three and a half years' sojourn in the Eastern war zone.

Miss Kiel's experiences in Russia and Persia show that it was this very lack of food and decent hospital service which did much to undermine and destroy the morale and fighting spirit of the Russian army. German propaganda did the rest. Yet she feels that some day Russia will rise and throw off the yoke of the conqueror. Her story told in simple and direct language held a large audience in Cleveland spellbound, not long ago.

"When we reached Russia we were warmly received. People turned out by the thousands to cheer us," she said.

"We were ordered to the Galician front and sent to Kiev. Here we established a 200 bed hospital with only our field equipment.

"In a few months we had doubled the size of the hospital and were caring for 600 patients in 400 beds. We used mattresses and stretchers for beds.

"The saddest thing we had to do at Kiev was to evacuate our hospital when the Germans approached. We had to tear down everything so that not a bit of metal would remain that the Germans might convert into munitions.

"At the Kiev station where we established another temporary hospital we handled as many as 8,000 patients in a few days. No autos were available and we had to transport patients to our temporary hospitals on stretchers placed on street cars.

"We were so cramped for space that we had to place the wounded on shelves in tiers at our temporary hospital. We never had anything but straw mattresses at any time. We dressed between 200 and 300 wounded a day most of the time.

"From Kiev the five of us who volunteered to remain in Russia were sent to Tiflis, in Persia. This ordinarily is a four-day journey, but in the spring of 1916 it took us seventeen days. We were constantly being sidetracked to allow troop trains to pass.

"At Khoy, in Persia, we had to establish an entirely new hospital. A typhus epidemic was raging. We had scarcely a thing that we needed in a hospital.

"We found that the place they gave us for a hospital had just previously been used to house cholera patients. So first of all we had to pitch in and clean the whole place.

"One Christmas eve soldiers brought us sixty-eight half-starved, naked Armenian children they had found wandering in the streets after a massacre. We cut up our uniforms to clothe them.

"Later, our little party of three doctors and five nurses was split again, so badly in need of nurses and doctors were they in Persia.

"A neighboring town was burned twice in a few months with all its stores of foodstuffs. People were on the verge of starvation.

"We got so used to sleeping on boards that we actually liked it. All of us suffered with a touch of the fever, but our work with typhoid and cholera patients, as well as with the wounded, kept us so busy we didn't dare go under.

"All the time we were working in Russia we could see the insidious German propaganda that was being carried on among the soldiers and the people.

"It easily poisoned the minds of the simple Russian peasants. One day the Germans would throw down their arms and fraternize with the Russian soldiers. They would show them letters ostensibly written from their home folk saying they didn't want to fight and that their folks were sick of war.

"Then they'd suggest another meeting the next day

"Next day the Russians would again meet the Germans, this time without arms, and they'd be cut to pieces by the Huns, who carried their guns and bayonets instead of letters.

"We were reliably informed that there are on the German War Council Staff, sixty trained psychologists who do nothing but study the people with whom Germany is at war. Then they try to direct their thought as the Germans wish it directed.

"After what I saw in Russia of the Germans' activities I can well believe this.

"But I still have faith in the Russian people. I know that some day that country will pull itself together and throw off the effect of the German propaganda which has disorganized this great nation."

Innocence.

THE culprit had hired the young town lawyer to defend him against the charge of stealing a book cabinet. After the first conference the young student of law who was just beginning court practice said to his client:

"Now, Bill, I'm convinced that you didn't steal that book cabinet. If I thought you did I'd advise you to plead guilty. However, just leave it to me and I'll prove to the court that you are innocent. In the meantime I'll take a retainer of ten dollars and you can pay the rest when——"

"Ten dollars!" said Bill. "I ain't got no ten dollars."

At this startling news the young lawyer seemed downcast, but suddenly he brightened. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll try to get you out of this scrape and then we'll call it square if you send the cabinet around to my office. I need one badly."

Self-opinionated.

SPEAKING at a dinner, Booth Tarkington, the author, referred to the beautiful opinion that some men have of themselves, and told the following story as an example:

Some time ago a young man proposed marriage to a charming girl with every assurance of ordering the cake and the wedding bells, but the fair one told him that she could only be a sister to him, and not much of a sister at that.

"Tell me," exclaimed the disconcerted admirer, "why you spurn me in this heartless way after having led me on."

"After having led you on!" answered the girl, with a freezing glance. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just this," answered the discarded youth. "Did you not tell me that the gypsy fortune-teller predicted that you would marry a handsome, brilliant young man, with the face of a Greek god and a voice sweeter than silvery chimes?"

Last of a Series of Clever Stories Featuring Christopher Poe, Banker-Detective.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

By Robert Carlton Brown

"HELLO, is this Christopher Poe?" The New York banker's eyes lighted as he pressed the receiver to his ear and answered, "Yes, is this you, Arthur"

"Can you come over to my office within an hour?"

"I have a directors' meeting at 2 o'clock, but I am free until then."

"Better put off that directors' meeting, Chris. This is something very important."

"All right, I'll be there in half an hour."

Christopher Poe hung up the receiver and walked across to Broadway where he hailed a taxi and ordered the driver to take him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

As he whizzed uptown he ran over rapidly in his mind the various services he had rendered to Sir Arthur Hornsby. Ten years before he had assisted in running to ground a clever Parisian syndicate of curio dealers who had systematically stolen many of the valuable coins in the museum collection. After that he had worked on a substitute bronze which had been procured by the art gallery; it was thru his efforts that a great fraud had been exposed.

Alighting in front of the spacious museum he went thru the side door and knocked at a suite of rooms given over to the active manager of the museum.

A large raw-boned Englishman with drooping mustache rose from his desk quickly as Poe entered and extended his hand in greeting.

"What is it?" asked Poe anxiously.

"It's about 'The Morning Mist,' you remember that we bought it five years ago from an obscure dealer right here in New York?"

"Yes, the price was $40,000. I remember there was quite a little newspaper comment at the time concerning the price and the manner in which it was procured."

"Yes," answered Sir Arthur Hornsby, "there was some doubt as to whether or not it was a genuine canvas."

"You got that picture thru Spoods, the Fifth avenue dealer, didn't you?" asked the New York banker, who also had time to follow all the art acquisitions at the Metropolitan.

"Yes, he guaranteed it as a genuine Turner and the only thing that made us suspicious was the low price."

"Well, what happened to it?"

"Stolen."

"When?"

"We just discovered it this morning."

"And you have no clew?"

"No, nothing at all, and the only evidence there is that the picture was stolen last night is that the door between the Turner room and the Egyptian room was found tampered with today."

"Was the picture cut out of the frame?" asked Poe, "or was it removed without injury."

"A clever substitute was put into the frame. If it weren't for the brilliancy of the paint the substitute might be easily taken for the original."

"Have you closed the Turner room to visitors this morning?" asked Poe.

"No, not yet." The manager of the museum pressed a button on his desk and both sat silent several moments until an attendant appeared and Sir Hornsby said, "Will you see that the Turner room is locked up and that no one is allowed to enter?"

"You had better close the Egyptian room too until we have a chance to look the ground over thoroly," put in the banker-detective.

"All right, sir," answered the attendant, withdrawing

Christopher Poe picked up the diagram of the Metropolitan from the director's desk and turned quickly to diagram showing the arrangements of the room. He marked the chamber containing the Egyptian display, mostly mummies and quaint clay vessels and put a check mark against the small art gallery where a half dozen of Turner's masterpieces were displayed. Then he pointed with his pencil to the door between the two rooms and asked, "Is that fitted with the regular locks, the same as is on this door here?"

"Yes," answered Sir Arthur. "The doors are not hard to open. The question is how any man or any person could conceal himself in the Egyptian room. There is a rigid examination every night before lock-up time and it does not seem possible that any person could contrive to have himself locked in all night in any of the rooms."

"Well, let us go to work immediately," suggested Poe. "I infer that there has been no publicity given out on this?"

"Of course not. It would be foolish to scare away the thief. He would doubtless take flight if the newspapers published the story about it."

Sir Arthur Hornsby arose and held the door open for his friend. They passed thru a series of corridors until they came to a small door which an attendant unlocked for them. As soon as they had entered the room Christopher Poe stepped to the place where "The Morning Mist" had been hung. He was surprised to find that the frame was in its usual position and that the picture within the frame looked startlingly like the original, but as the director had suggested the paint seemed, [illegible] the colors more vivid and the work [illegible] the impression of a clever imitation.

"I suppose the public would never find out that a substitution had been made," remarked Christopher Poe, as he stepped close to the picture and examined it critically. "The brush work is certainly that of Turner's. The colors are his, too." He lifted the frame from the wall and carefully examined the back of the picture. The canvas had been newly tacked on and there were slight scratches where the hammer had slipped

"You see," said Sir Arthur Hornsby, "the work was doubtless done by a man very familiar with pictures."

"The thing that puzzles me," said Christopher Poe slowly, "is that this canvas is really very old."

"That's an old trick. This substitute picture is probably painted over an original by some minor artist of a hundred years ago."

"But the paint, in spite of its brilliancy," said Poe, "seems to have been on the canvas for a good many years, too. The whole thing is puzzling. I can't see how it would benefit anybody to steal 'The Morning Mist' and put in its place a picture which would pass as its equal to the average public and probably to most experts. I don't believe we will find anything more here; let's look at the connecting door and then glance around the Egyptian room."

The New York banker opened the door which had been tampered with and carefully examined the lock. Marks on the metal part about the knob showed that no expert hand had been engaged in the business

"The man who did this was surely an amateur cracksman, but a professional picture man," remarked Poe, turning away from the door after a superficial examination

He stepped to the middle of the large room containing mummies and strange tables of stone scrawled over with Egyptian hieroglyphics. "You take this half of the room and examine it thoroly for signs for any one having spent the night here, and I'll do the same over here with the mummy cases

Christopher Poe started at a dim corner of the room where a number of highly painted, grotesque wooden boxes leaned again the wall, and opened each one as he came to it, blowing off a bit of dust here, and scratching with his nail at almost invisible stains

Suddenly he stooped down and made a more thoro examination of a case lying at full length on the floor; an open crack thru the middle riveted his attention. He carefully lifted the lid and took from one edge of the cover a metallic object which glistened as he held it up to Sir Arthur Hornsby

"Hello, find something?" asked the Englishman standing up with his face red from exertion of the search which he had been conducting in his part of the room

"Yes, something interesting Can you recognize it from ther

"A diminishing glass!" cried Sir Arthur

"Yes; a good one too."

The Englishman stepped over to his friend and together they examined the small hand glass. "It's a French diminisher," remarked Poe. "That man Spoods had a French artist working for him on those fake Botticellis, didn't he?"

"I believe he did. But why do you connect Spoods with this affair?"

"Oh, I don't; except that the man who did the job is evidently an artist," remarked Poe. "I wonder if you could send to me the attendant who usually has charge of the Turner room?"

"Yes, I can get him right now if you are thru with your examination here," offered Sir Arthur Hornsby

Christopher Poe glanced about the room and then slipped the diminishing glass into his pocket. "I guess there is nothing more to be learned here. It's evident that the fellow who stole the picture hid himself away in this quaint old casket and by some amateurish method or other gained admittance to the Turner room and with a canvas stretcher removed the original and put in its place this picture which is supposed to be an imitation

Together they returned to the director's office and when the attendant was summoned Poe asked him, "I suppose you have some very peculiar people who come regularly to your room and stand for some time before their favorite pictures?"

"Yes, there's a lot of queer folks come here every day. One old lady looks like a sparrow and she stands in front of that woodland picture that looks like a green salad and eats it with her eyes. Then there's art students who can't seem to get enough of them tiresome pictures what look like the Hudson River on a foggy day."

"Tell me about these different art students," requested Poe with interest

"Well there is one young fellow who looks like one of them old Dutch pictures in the South room and he always stands off at about ten feet from that big picture in the middle of the room and makes motions with his hands as tho he were going thru with the same work that the painter did. He talks aloud to himself and sometimes stays so late that I have to tell him it is closing time and even then he doesn't want to go

"But isn't there some man or woman that you remember who takes a particular interest in that picture called 'The Morning Mist?'" asked Poe.

"Yes, there is one old fellow, pretty near as old as I am, who has been coming off and on now for five years. He's got one of those little artist glasses and he stands way at the other side of the room and looks thru it sometimes for pretty near an hour; you'd think from the way he enjoys it he was looking at a movin' picture show."

Poe cut him off short by holding up the diminishing glass which he had found in the Egyptian room.

"Do you recognize this?" he asked.

The gray haired attendant took the tiny glass in his hand and looked thru it then he carefully inspected the handle and smiled. "Yes, that's it; I know it by the place here where the brass is worn thru."

Poe turned quickly to Sir Hornsby. "I believe we made a mistake in closing up that Turner room. A murderer always returns to the scene of his crime and I suppose in a lesser degree that's also true of a thief. Suppose we throw the room open now and instruct this man to keep watch and let us know as soon as this fellow who evidently owns the diminishing glass appears." The banker-detective turned to the attendant and queried: "Has he been here often during the last month?"

"Yes, most every day, I guess."

"What time does he generally come?"

"Well, he's here just before noon as a rule. I guess he gets his lunch before he comes, or else he just feasts off that favorite picture of his."

"Good. Then we haven't any time to lose. Go on duty at once and send somebody here to the office as soon as the man with the diminishing glass appears. Wait a minute. I think it would be a good scheme if you would take this glass and put it below the picture on the floor, in a careless position. No, I'll arrange that."

Christopher Poe stood up and followed the attendant to the door and as soon as he was in the Turner room he placed the diminishing glass on the floor directly beneath "The Morning Mist" picture in such a position that any one looking at the substitute masterpiece could not fail to see it. Then he sauntered about the room idly and watched the various sight-seers as they entered and walked about the room.

About an hour later, Christopher Poe's interest in art having gotten the better of his interest in detection he stood lost in a day dream before a magnificent Turner seascape. Then the attendant stepped up and touched his arm covertly. As Poe's thoughts returned instantly to the stolen masterpiece he noted that the attendant was agitated and kept motioning in a clownish manner toward a short man who stood before "The Morning Mist" fumbling nervously in his pocket

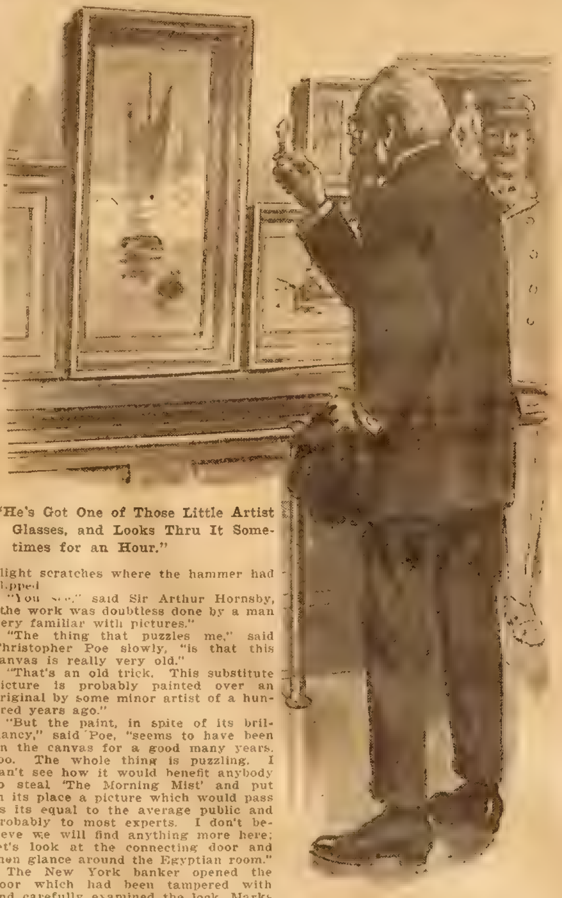
Poe motioned to the attendant to return to his stand and be silent. While he watched out of the corner of his eye the strange little man who seemed to be very much excited.

A minute later the banker-detective noticed that the old man had discovered the diminishing glass lying on the floor beneath the picture. As the strange little fellow turned quickly with the slyness of a cat and looked around the room to make sure that he was not observed, Poe glanced innocently at a picture and stood in a tremor of expectation.

Evidently assured that he was perfectly safe the short man approached the picture and began to advance his feet toward the diminishing glass on the floor. His manner was so wary that Poe became convinced that he must be the thief he sought. As he watched he saw the broad toe of the man's shoe touch the glass, pass it and suddenly shove it toward the railing. In a flash the man stooped, picked up the glass and slipped it into his pocket; then he sauntered into the middle of the room and unconsciously began groping for the diminisher. Christopher Poe turned abruptly away for fear of frightening his quarry, looked at his watch, found it was almost 2 o'clock and walked rapidly to Sir Arthur Hornsby's office

"Well," queried the director of art, "have you learned anything?"

"Yes, a little. I found the fellow who changed the picture. But I really can't believe that he has stolen it I must go



"He's Got One of Those Little Artist Glasses, and Looks Thru It Sometimes for an Hour."

to that directors' meeting now, and I think the best thing we can do is to get somebody in the office, here, some one who has had a little experience at shadowing to follow our man when he gets thru looking at the picture. There is no doubt but that he is an artist, and he looks like a mild little vegetarian who wouldn't harm a fly."

"I'll send somebody in there at once and I suppose the man at the door can point out your artist?"

"First instruct the man you send to shadow him to follow him no farther than his home, but have him make sure where the artist lives, then give him my 'phone number and tell him to call me up immediately. I'll attend to the rest and keep you posted. You'll be in the office until 5 o'clock, I presume?"

"Yes, and after that I'll be at home. I am anxiously awaiting any news you can give me."

"I have found nothing yet but a clew and a connoisseur," smiled Christopher Poe, shaking his friend's hand and leaving the room.

Hailing a Fifth avenue bus he mounted to the top and rode as far as Thirty-Fifth street where he got down and leisurely strolled to a large banking institution of which he was a director. For over an hour he utterly dismissed from his mind all thought of the stolen masterpiece.

When the meeting was over he turned again to his thoughts of the picture and called up his apartment, where his man informed him that no telephone message had been received. Poe then walked down Fifth avenue to Eighteenth street where he entered the fascinating shop of Spoods. He bowed to the dealer and asked idly: "Have you anything new of the British School?"

"Only some Whistler etchings, a newly found Reynolds portrait, that Gainsborough you have seen. I guess that's all. Were you looking for anything in particular?" asked Spoods.

"No. I haven't any idea of buying, I only wanted to look around."

Spoods, a sprightly little man who affected a very French manner, conducted Christopher Poe thru his gallery and pointed out with pride his newest acquisition.

"I think I would buy a Turner," remarked Poe casually, "that is, if I could find a real bargain."

"I haven't had one in the shop since the 'Morning Mist' was sold to the Metropolitan, you remember."

"Yes, that sold cheaply, too."

The little dealer looked up shrewdly and finding the banker's face impassive, answered: "Yes, that was considered a pretty low price, but all I could do was give my personal guarantee that the picture was genuine, and I believe that experts have sustained me in my opinion."

Christopher Poe nodded his head and passed on to other pictures, finally leaving at about 4 o'clock. He entered a public telephone booth and called up his house again to ask if he had received a telephone mesage about which he was becoming anxious.

"A gentleman called up not ten minutes ago," said his man. "He didn't give his name, but said that the address that you want is Stephen Bridge, 45 Washington Square South, top floor."

"Good!" exclaimed Christopher Poe, hanging up the receiver.

Fifteen minutes later Christopher Poe got a street car and hurried across to the number on Washington Square. There he was admitted by a little old maid who seemed quite excited that any person of Christopher Poe's aristocratic bearing should call at her humble lodgings.

Poe passed thru a narrow, dark hallway and up a long flight of stairs till he came out on a landing from which three doors opened.

"It's another flight up!" cried the landlady in a shrill tone from below.

Poe made out the second stairway in the dim end of another long passage and on reaching the top rapped at a single door in front of him.

There was a stir in the room and suddenly the little bespectacled man Poe recognized from having seen him in the Turner room popped his head thru the door and, evidently as astonished as his landlady had been, asked: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Mr. Spoods, the art dealer, suggested that I come to you in regard to a Turner," answered Christopher Poe, entering the room and glancing about at the stacks of canvasses, their faces to the wall, the floor littered with magazines and illustrations.

"Spoods!" cried the little artist. "I haven't done any work for him for five years."

"Then you did do something for Spoods at that time?" asked Poe, taking a seat on a carpeted model stand in a corner lighted by a skylight.

"Why, yes!" cried Mr. Bridge, in confusion.

"He paid you well, I presume? I should think it would take a great deal to tempt an artist of your evident temperament to turn out spurious old masters?"

The little artist went pale, tried to speak, and then sat down in a low, broken Dutch rocker, his head in his hands.

"You don't seem happy," remarked Poe. "Whatever made you do it?"

"There are worse things than copying great pictures," answered Bridge, raising his head slowly and looking defiance at the banker.

"Oh, yes, I suppose stealing pictures, or substituting false ones for originals would be worse," said Christopher Poe calmly.

The artist glanced up sharply and his hands which had been folded trembled with emotion. "Yes, I suppose that would be worse, but what brought it to your mind?"

"Well, I saw you looking at 'The Morning Mist' at the Metropolitan this noon. You seemed to have some personal interest in the picture. I wondered if by any chance you were aware of the fact that last night some one acquainted with great pictures concealed himself in the Egyptian room at the Metropolitan and sometime before morning removed from the frame Turner's great picture."

Bridge stood up and walked back and forth slowly, evading the interested gaze of the other. He seemed strangely perturbed. Poe followed his every movement, and was on his guard lest the little artist give way to violence on finding that his secret had been surprised.

"Sit down, Mr. Bridge," requested Poe "I want to talk to you a minute. I believe in the short time I have been studying you that you are not a bad man, that your motive in substituting the picture which at present hangs in the Turner gallery is not the one which would generally be accepted if it were known that you hid in the museum last night, picked a door like a common thief, and made a lightning change of canvasses."

Instead of sitting down the little artist came to an abrupt stop before Poe and looked at him with wide, pained eyes

"You guessed my story then. How did you do it?"

"Well, said Christopher Poe, thoughtfully, looking into the other's eyes, "I had a good look at you this morning. Before that I had examined the two rooms where you worked last night and I had formed a sort of a theory that the man who went to the trouble of doing this thing secretly had some motive beside gain. You see, I knew before I saw you that you were an absent minded, temperamental fellow, from the very fact that you left your diminishing glass holding up the lid of the casket in which you hid to avoid the usual search of the attendant before locking up. A practiced thief would have done differently. Besides, a professional would not have been carrying a diminishing glass.

"Then when I had a look at you I knew that you couldn't do anything criminal. You don't come up to the specifications of criminology. Your eyes are too honest; you have a gentle, philosophic dreamer's look."

As he spoke the artist's eyes became dim with tears; he reached out a long slender hand falteringly toward Poe. "How did you guess it?" he cried.

"You see, I knew Spoods," said Poe. "When the Metropolitan bought that picture five years ago I was in great doubt as to its being genuine, but I did not have time to investigate the thing thoroly. All that I found out was that you were making copies of masterpieces for Spoods at that time. I did not believe that you or any ordinary painter was equal to the task of reproducing a Turner. But you did it, and I want to congratulate you on deceiving the whole art public for the five years that your copy of Turner has hung in the Metropolitan and has been passed upon by competent critics as a very wonderful work of art."

Bridge sat as tho he were stupified at having his secret surprised. "How long have you known that the picture hanging in the Metropolitan was not the original?"

"I have just found out this minute," exclaimed the detective. "This is a very unusual case. I am glad to find, Mr. Bridge, that you managed to procure the original Turner which you substituted for your imitation last night. It must have cost you a great deal of money."

"It did," answered the artist. "But it was well worth it. My professional pride, altho flattered, by having my feeble attempt accepted as the work of a master, would not let me continue the deceit. Spoods paid me $500 for that picture and he got about $40,000 for it from the Metropolitan. At that time I actually needed the money and since then I have lived and worked to scrape together enough money to buy the original.

"You see, the original has always been in the possession of an old lady living right here in New York with whom I became acquainted thru Spoods. None but he knew of the original and she being very eccentric, did not wish anybody to know that she had it. But she allowed me, under the guise of an art student, to reproduce it for Spoods. I managed to continue my acquaintance with her and finally she agreed to sell me the original for $20,000. I painted portraits, did magazine illustrating, and actually went without food to buy it back. Only last week I managed to get it, and last night I replaced it in the museum where it belongs."

"And your copy which has hung so long in the Metropolitan?' asked Poe. "Where is that? What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I shall burn it up. I don't suppose I have more than five or six years of life left and I will spend that time making enough money to pay off what I still owe this woman for the original Turner."

"Then you haven't entirely paid for 'The Morning Mist?'" asked Poe.

"No, I have $6,000 still to pay. But it is worth it." A misty, far away look in the old artist's eyes aroused Poe.

He extended his hand, saying, "Will you sell me that copy you made? I would just as lief have that as the original. Come, what's your price?"

"Oh, I wouldn't sell it! I would only be continuing the work of deception which I decided to stop forever five long years ago," he said, with a tremble in his voice.

"I'll give you $10,000 for it," said Christopher Poe, taking a neat little check book from his pocket and holding his fountain pen ready for the artist's acceptance.

"But it isn't worth it!" cried the old artist tremulously.

"Possibly not, but your struggle should be recognized. With the $10,000 you can pay the last installment on the original and have left enough to go abroad for a year or two to study. Possibly now that your ideals are reformed you will be able to do some great original work for yourself."

Christopher Poe filled out the check and placed it in the protesting hand of the artist. Bridge silently stepped to a corner of the room and drew out a canvas, his copy of the Turner, and gave it to Poe without a word.

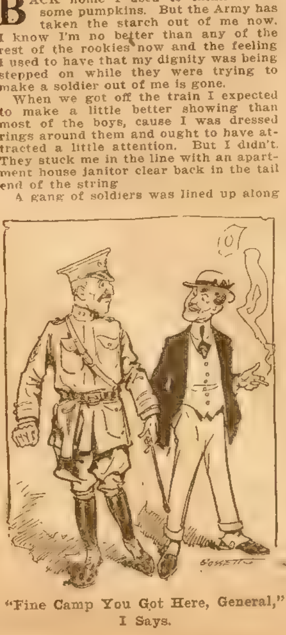
The banker-detective with a smile of satisfaction on his lips clasped the artist's hand firmly and made his way thru the dim hall down the stairs.

THE VAIN ROOKIE RIDES TO A FALL

BACK home I used to think I was some pumpkins. But the Army has taken the starch out of me now. I know I'm no better than any of the rest of the rookies now and the feeling I used to have that my dignity was being stepped on while they were trying to make a soldier out of me is gone.

When we got off the train I expected to make a little better showing than most of the boys, cause I was dressed rings around them and ought to have attracted a little attention. But I didn't. They stuck me in the line with an apartment house janitor clear back in the tail end of the string

A gang of soldiers was lined up along our column, poking all kinds of fun at us and telling us what we would have to go thru up at the second detention camp. I tried to get back at them, but one stepped out, told me to be mighty careful, as they were old hard boiled regulars and would make it hot for me if I got gay with them. They did look tough, but pretty soon I saw a couple of boys from my home town who came out here two weeks before lined up with the others, poking fun at us, so I turned loose on them proper.



"Fine Camp You Got Here, General," I Says.

I sidled along with the rest of the gang, wading mud, over to the pagoda, where they counted us up. Liked to broke my heart to wade that mud and I tried to circle around it. Some big boner acted like he'd fall in a fit of rage if I didn't get back in line, so I did it to please him. Chances are I won't need the shoes any more, anyhow

When I got up to the booth where the general was waiting to receive us I give him a snappy salute and tried to be real pleasant. "Fine camp you got here, General," I says, but he acted like he thought I was trying to kid him. The janitor argued it wasn't the general, but I knew better, because my papers were addressed to the commanding general, and that fellow had a gold bar on his shoulder while all the rest were just silver

We were sent into a big room and told to strip. No privacy at all. Made us strip off right there in a big gang, then wadded up our clothes and tied 'em in bundles just like dirty laundry

We went thru cattle chutes, sailing thru cold showers and up the stairs like going thru the slaughter pen, to face a bunch of doctors with no respect for your feelings at all.

The first one wormed all my family secrets out of me, another recorded my future hopes, and another asked a lot of foolish questions a baby could have answered. It's hard enough to be dignified with your best clothes on, and impossible standing in a line of naked men. Then to have to stand up there stripped and answer those questions made me wonder what I'd come for.

Then I went to a gang of eye doctors. My eyes are all O. K., but you can't tell those Army doctors anything. One ordered me to shut, another to open 'em, shut and open, shut and open, till I was blinking and squinting like I was dodging a cinder.

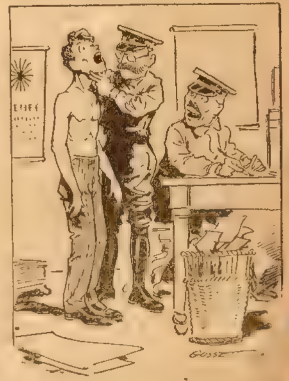
"Sit down!" one yells, and I sat. He started more silly questions, and while I wasn't looking hit me on the knee with a rubber hammer, making my foot fly out like I was kicking. Biff! He took the other and it flew out

I asked an old-timer helping him what was the idea. "It's to shuck out the rats from the boneheads,' he says He says the doctors can tell by the way they kick but I don't see how, cause some didn't kick at all and others kicked like ballet girls.

The next doctor lined us up on circles painted on the floor, started us jumping up and down and I thought he had forgotten to tell us to stop. I slacked up a little to get a breath, but he stuck his finger at me and bawled me out right before the whole gang. "Don't start welching already, kid," he says, and it made me so mad I outjumped the whole gang.

Finally he called me up and prodded my back and looked me over for bones he could pull loose.

He put on one of those things like you put in your ears to hear a penny phonograph play out in the park arcades, and listened to the wheels inside. A few well placed blows with a little hammer seemed to put all the cogs together, and he turned me over to another gang to hunt faults



To Face a Bunch of Doctors With No Respect for Your Feelings at All.

I had to read a lot of charts like I did before the local draft board, but these doctors went them one better. One of them took out my right eye and looked it over, then the left one. Neither one was glass, so he gave me to a doctor with a chart like we used to study in physiology. He located every mole and scar on his map of me, and had another one take prints of all my fingers and thumbs.

"When were you vaccinated last and for what?" the next one wanted to know. I didn't remember very well, but he said it didn't make much difference anyhow, 'cause they would vaccinate me again to be sure. While I was talking to him another fellow tickled my right arm and I reached up to scratch it. There was blood on my fingers. I asked what was going on and he said I had been vaccinated. He sent me over to another one, to finish the job, he says. He took hold

(Continued on Page 29.)

What Women Are Doing in the War

Canteen Work "Over There."

AMERICAN boys on the other side of the big pond are learning to fight and exterminate the Hun, and American women in the Red Cross canteens are brewing coffee and frying ham and eggs and otherwise making things cheerful and comfortable for the boys three thousand miles from home.

The American boy has a notorious sweet tooth, and candies, crackers, cakes and other sweet edibles hold the pinnacle of popularity. But there are other things he can buy in the canteen as well. Cigarettes, tooth paste and souvenirs for the home folk run the sweet things a close second.

Sometimes these canteens make as much as $800 in one day. Stores of goods are rapidly depleted, and ofttimes the boys must wait for another consignment from the States. However, supplies have been arriving regularly of late, and the sailors and soldiers can buy as much—or as little—as their incomes will allow. Everything is sold at cost price, and candies and other foods arriving in France are examined carefully to see that they are in good condition. For a time candy was unobtainable because one shipment was found to have spoiled or been tampered with by German agents. This lot was condemned, and the boys had to content themselves with sweet crackers and cookies in the interval.

Yet this isn't all the canteen does. Every bluejacket on shore leave, every soldier in from the front on a furlough never misses the visit to the canteen. It is really home to him, a little bit of domestic heaven planted 3,000 miles to the east of where he lives, and he appreciates it.

Most of these canteens have long tables with the latest American newspapers and magazines and writing materials on them. Usually the windows are draped with some gay chintz, and there is a piano in the corner where the boys can drum to their hearts' content. But perhaps it's the little attentions which the women in charge pay them that make the boys' hearts glow with gratitude. One young fellow, scarcely out of his teens, came into one of the canteens during the last month. He felt somewhat ill. One of the older workers who had had nursing experience said to him:

"Look here, my boy, I know something you need. Now sit down and I'll give you a good bowl of hot milk toast."

She hurried back to the stove.

"Make that nice boy over there some hot milk toast. He's off his feed. If he's not looking better tomorrow I'll have the doctor at his heels."

It's these little personal touches that make the boys feel that there is somebody near at hand who does care. They need mothering, and the women of the canteens are universal mothers. That is why they are there.

Every Little Bit Helps.

WHAT are you doing to help win the war? Every little bit helps, you know, and perhaps some of the following hints from women who have put them into practice, may give you some idea as to what you can do to make the task of beating the Hun a little easier.

Mrs. M. L. R. writes:

As wool is at such a premium I hunted thru all closets and chests and collected everything knitted or crocheted of wool—an old white shawl, a worn and torn afghan, and an old fashioned gray petticoat. These I unraveled and wound into separate balls.

From the shawl I crocheted heelless stockings similar in shape to a long bag. Beginning with a loop in center or toe point, I made a circle about five inches in diameter and then round and round with the same number of stitches until eighteen inches in length. I found that these articles were specially acceptable at quarters of French wounded.

From the petticoat I crocheted wristlets, trench caps, and scarfs, and the old afghan helped out as borders or edging.

I also made wash cloths from bits of string saved from packages.

While I crocheted all the above, they could be knitted as well. Every one of the articles will be helpful to our boys at the front, whereas in their original shape they were absolutely useless.

The Gray Samaritans.

THE Countess Laura de Gozdawa Turcznowicz, working in harmony with the Young Women's Christian Association, is organizing a society known as the Polish Gray Samaritans. The Samaritans are all Polish women recruited in the United States to do nursing and social welfare work, and who after several months' training here in the States, will go to Poland to do reconstruction work or to serve in the hospitals which the reconstruction unit will erect in Europe for the Allies.

The Countess is president of the Polish Reconstruction Committee and author of a book entitled, "When the Prussians Came to Poland." It gives some vivid, first-hand impressions of Prussian kultur and its monstrous workings.

How You May Be Able to Help

Some of the Gifts to the Treasure and Trinket Fund.

THERE may be a pair of woolen blankets in that old gold ring, or the golden rims of grandfather's discarded spectacles. Where's that gold bracelet you never wear, or the silver gravy ladle that Aunt Mary gave you and you never liked? They all belong to the Treasure and Trinket Fund, and when melted down will go to buy the boys "over there" some of the little comforts and luxuries that make soldiers really happy.

The Treasure and Trinket Fund is only in its infancy. Like many of the good ideas formulated during the war, it originated with a woman, Mrs. William Allen Bartlett of New York. It was the Thimble Fund of England which gave Mrs. Bartlett her idea. This fund is the one to which English women send their gold thimbles, to buy comforts for the boys at the front.

The Treasure and Trinket Fund wants trinkets and old jewelry of all kinds. The more sent in, the better our boys will fare. Thousands of old earrings, old brooches and odd trinkets are wanted And no one need hesitate for fear her treasure is too poor. Not long ago a woman sent in a wedding ring that belonged to her mother. The letter was written on the cheapest kind of paper, and the writing trembled unevenly across the page as if the writer was very old. The stationery alone proclaimed that she must have been poor. But her spirit and good will were there. She wrote:

"I can't buy a single Liberty Bond—even the smallest one; there isn't enough remaining out of my little competence to provide even a war savings stamp. But I am sending you this ring. It was my mother's wedding ring. Will it help our boys 'over there?' "

A simple, touching little note. It came from a woman living in the heart of Nebraska, and showed the true American spirit of helpfulness. You can do as much. No matter what you have, it's wanted. The address of the Treasure and Trinket Fund is 259 Fifth avenue, New York City. The sacrifice, if there is any, won't hurt you, and it will do the boys "over there" a lot of good.

The First Women's Military Hospital

JUST behind the front lines, one-half of the First Unit of the Women's Overseas Hospitals are taking care of the military wounded who are the victims of the Germans' great offensive. Their hospital is a beautiful chateau in a wooded park. All its work is conducted under the supervision of the French Service de Sante, which is equivalent to the United States Medical War Department

The reason for this is two-fold. When Dr. Caroline Finley, who is at the head of the organization, projected the unit, more than a year ago, for work among the women and children in French villages, no other American unit of this kind was then in existence, and no women were being admitted into the United States Medical Reserve Corps. There was also a general belief that women doctors would be used in this country only.

However, events proved otherwise. The unit went to France and began work under French official supervision. For working purposes, the unit composed originally of Dr. Caroline Finley, Dr. Alice Gregory, Dr. Anna I. Sholly and Dr. Mary Edward, members of the staff of the Infirmary for Women and Children has been divided into two groups. One of these groups is now working with French military surgeons in the chateau behind the front lines. The other has charge of a station for 3,000 refugees in the south of France. American money is supporting both enterprises.

When these women were attached to the military hospital back of the lines it was understood that they were to be tried out at first on medical work, but after a week Dr. Finley was given complete charge of a ward for the treatment of shell shock. The women who are actively engaged in this work are the first of their sex to be attached to a military hospital in the capacity of doctors If the battle continues during the summer there is every reason to believe that these women will see active duty in more than one hospital. Speaking about the wonderful opportunity which it gave women to prove their worth when they were working "under the same conditions, exposed to the same risks, and having the same criticism of our work as have the men," Dr. Finley added:

"Our hospital is well back of the line, tho still one of the nearest to the front At present it is far beyond the reach of shelling and has never yet been bombed. But then it is very young still, only organized a week, when the ones further front were evacuated. The German planes fly right over us on their way to Paris and never drop a bomb. All night we hear the boom of the big guns and the sky to the north is constantly lighted by their discharge.

"I do not know what the military hospital would have done without us, for aside from our unit, there were four doctors and six nurses to receive 300 patients in twenty hours."

Don't Be a Back Number.

ARE you one of the women who say, should a new and better way of doing a particular thing be shown you, "Well, I've never done it that way," and let it go at that?

If so, you had better jump out of bed tomorrow morning with the decision that you'll never make that reply, nor hold that point of view again.

Not all new methods are better than old ones, certainly, but most of them are, And it is up to us to examine and test before discarding them

This is an era of newness. Great and small things are being done in new ways. Things previously impossible are becoming realities. Here in America great new industries are being started, new ideas are being followed, and new results accomplished.

Husked Corn for Red Cross.

THE patriotic women of Elkton, Todd County, Ky., earned more than $75 for their Red Cross treasury by husking corn. These women did the things that all women do for the Red Cross, such as giving teas, working in the sewing rooms, knitting and soliciting funds for the work. But they weren't satisfied

Therefore, when a firm dealing in grain advertised that it had 1,250 bushels of corn which it wanted husked in a hurry, some daring woman suggested that the Red Cross take the contract and turn the money into the treasury. The idea struck home, and the offer was made to husk the corn at the rate of six cents a bushel. It was accepted almost as soon as it reached the firm, and the women set to work with a will

Donning overalls, old dresses, kimonos, bathrobes and even bathing suits, they gathered in the crib, and the husks began to fly. Women married and unmarried, wives of bankers, lawyers, preachers and laborers all lent a hand in the common cause. In a short time they had the work completed to the full satisfaction of themselves and their employers

The work was not easy, and as a result the women of Elkton now have a new conception of war sacrifice, while the Red Cross fund of the town is richer by a tidy sum.

War Nuisances.

UNDER the classification of war nuisances may be placed those women who go abroad during war times either out of sloppy sentiment or for sensation

Mrs. Linden Smith of Boston during a recent lecture in Chicago gave her opinion of certain American women presumably doing war work in France. What she said was not altogether gentle, but it expresses not only her own ideas but those of hundreds of thinking men and women who are doing their best to relieve the situation on the other side of the water.

"I do not mean to criticize some of the American women who are doing really valuable work," she said, "but there are many who should be sent home. They are of no use to anybody and only a burden in France. They let their emotions and their sentimentality run away with them.

"Then there are the others. I hate to say it, but there are some American women now in France who think that if they put in one day at canteen service they are doing all that is required of them for a week. The women who can help most in France are the ones who have brains and forget to be sentimental."

Mrs. Smith has been working for months with the Red Cross abroad. She told of General Pershing's "marvelous" faith in the women of America and his belief that they would do everything in their power to help win the war.

Thrifty Nieces of Uncle Sam.

STILL another patriotic society has come into being within the last month or so. Miss Katherine G. Grant of Slayton, Minn., is the originator of the organization. It is known as the Thrifty Nieces of Uncle Sam. The Slayton Club has a membership of thirty-eight young women, every one of whom is unmarried. As a matter of fact, no married women are permitted to join the society.

The purpose of the organization is to aid the war savings work of the country Each member pledges herself to save a minimum of $1 a month, the same to be invested in Thrift Stamps.

The Slayton girls want to promote their organization all over the country preparatory to the forming of a federation of clubs. The plan and purpose of the club has received the hearty endorsement of the Treasury Department and the Minnesota State war savings officials.

The girls are now busy trying to have the constitution and by-laws of the club printed and sent to the War Savings chairmen thruout the State of Minnesota with an explanatory letter asking the chairmen to see that the formation of such clubs is encouraged in every town

Miss Grant, speaking about the movement, said.

"The possibilities of the work to be accomplished by an organization such as this are unlimited. If one-fourth of the population of the United States were to take up the plan it would mean an annual saving, thru this organization alone, of $15,000,000."

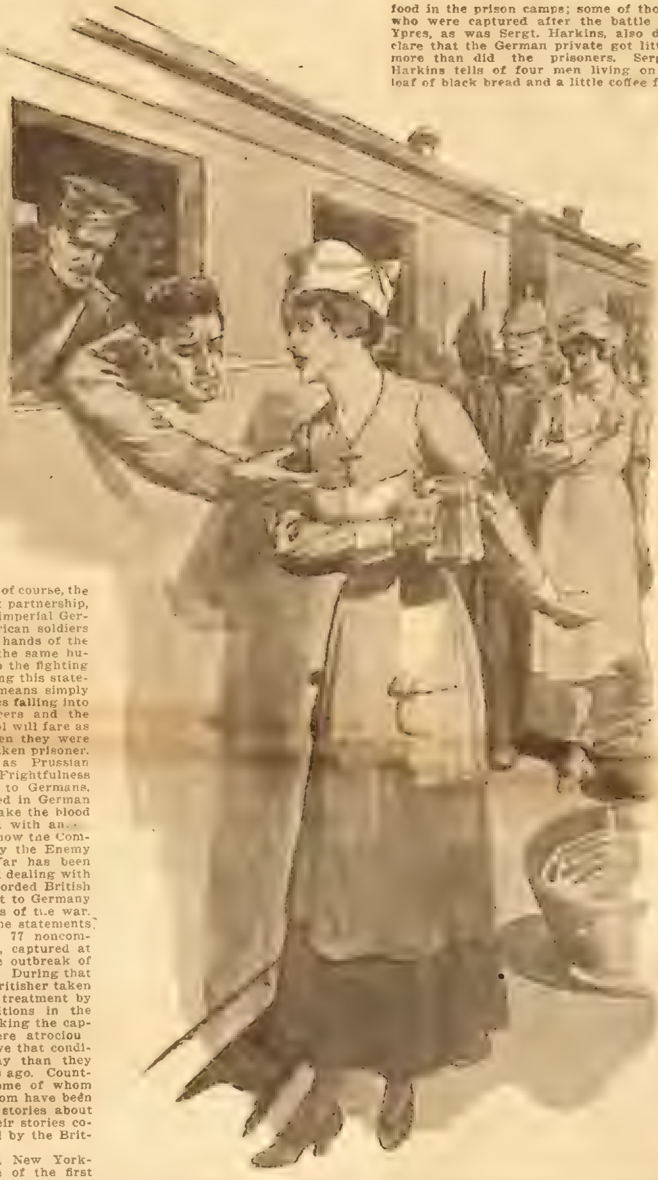
Help Former Schoolmates.

TO HELP in the war in our school we are patching quilts for the refugees in France. We also knit socks for our ex-pupils. We send each parcel by itself and we raise money in many ways, mostly by selling newspapers, which the pupils bring in large quantities. We save rags, rubbers, and tinfoil, which we sell each week. We have 5-cent concerts and sometimes tea parties. We send a nice long letter with each parcel, and we receive many letters from our boys at the front

This was written by a 15-year-old high school girl. Why not try to match it?

The Same Humane Treatment

> "It Isn't so Much the Honors of No Man's Land That Haunt Me When I Think Back 'Over There.' It Is Always the Face of a German Woman With the Insignia of the Sacred Red Cross—as She Spat in My Face."
>
> Sergt. Harkins.



THE All Highest, meaning, of course, the "Me" of the Me and Gott partnership, has stated in behalf of the imperial German government that American soldiers and sailors falling into the hands of the Germans will be accorded the same humane treatment extended to the fighting forces of other lands. Taking this statement on its face value, it means simply that American fighting forces falling into the hands of German officers and the creatures under their control will fare as badly as did the Allies when they were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner.

There is no such thing as Prussian humanity and kindliness. Frightfulness has become second nature to Germans, and atrocities are committed in German prison camps that would make the blood of any good American boil with an. For more than three years now the Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners of War has been carefully compiling a record dealing with the inhuman treatment accorded British prisoners while in transport to Germany during the first few months of the war.

The report is based on the statements of 48 British officers and 77 noncommissioned officers and men, captured at different times between the outbreak of the war and the end of 1914. During that period, hardly a wounded Britisher taken captive was given medical treatment by the enemy and the conditions in the camps and in the trucks taking the captives to prison camps were atrociou There is no reason to believe that conditions are any better today than they were three and a half years ago. Countless returned prisoners, some of whom have escaped, others of whom have been exchanged, tell horrifying stories about German prison camps. Their stories coincide with those published by the British committee.

Sergt. F. G. Harkins, a New Yorker, who enlisted with one of the first Canadian contingents, was impressed not so much by the horrors of No Man's Land and the brutality of German officers, which he had grown to expect in his experiences with the Hun on the battlefield, as by brutality of German women wearing the insignia of the Red Cross. Sergt. Harkins tells about a terrible trip from the Western front in a German box car into which were loaded more than fifty Canadian soldiers, many of them in dying condition. He tells about the grewsome trip thru Belgium and the final stop at Cologne, in Germany.

Bands of women wearing the Red Cross garb waited at the little station. They carried kits of bandages and pitchers of drinking water. Bleeding and wasted the Canadians smiled wanly at the insignia of mercy. A Canadian noncommissioned officer, past middle age, and suffering from gas attack, stretched out a bleeding arm and begged for water.

A shrill laugh rose from the German Red Cross women.

"Englander—swine," they shrieked, and stepping close to the ambulance held the pitchers of water near enough for the sufferer to see. Then one of them spat in his face. The man fainted away at the sight of the water, which was refused him. He was no other than Sergt. Harkins himself.

He tells later about the lack of medical attention, the long drills that made many a wasted prisoner drop in his tracks, the lack of food and the brutal treatment. The drills were given under the direction of the British officers, but a German was always present to see that the Britisher did not treat his men too kindly, or take pity on their fatigue. Many German women visited the camps during these drills and took special delight in seeing the prisoners drilled far beyond their endurance. When some of them fainted, and had to be dragged away by their more fortunate comrades, they laughed with glee.

"But even this was preferable to being put at a regular trade many miles from another Englishman or American. After we arrived in camp," continues Harkins "we were kept in quarantine for ten days [illegible] together during this time. If a man [illegible] he is a carpenter, for example, he is sent out to some camp, or perhaps some inland town where he will be the only Englishman within miles. He is brutally treated, and has no chance of escaping. Every Allied soldier knows this, and consequently, if he happens to be captured, he says he is a barber or a clerk."

"What is your profession?" asks Fritz

"I'm a barber," answers Tommy.

"Ach, Looie," says Fritz, "another barber. All the Englanders and Hired Assassins (the German term for Canadians) are either barbers or clerks. What do they do with so many? We cannot use them here. Report for drill."

All prisoners tell about the lack of food in the prison camps; some of those who were captured after the battle of Ypres, as was Sergt. Harkins, also declare that the German private got little more than did the prisoners. Sergt. Harkins tells of four men living on a loaf of black bread and a little coffee for twenty-four hours. About a month after capture, however, boxes and packages began to arrive from England and America.

"We used to get little cans of 'bully beef,' bacon and butter from home, and many a time a German soldier sneaked in when the officers were not around and begged for some 'bully beef!'" says Harkins.

"'Ach, it iss goot, de bully beef,' they would say. British men would then tell them that the only way they could get some was by going into town and getting them some cognac and mailing some letters. Invariably they would go with the letters and return with the brandy. Some of those poor, half-starved German soldiers would sell their souls and the Kaiser's for a can of 'bully beef.'"

Sergt. Harkins' story is borne out in all its details by other men who have returned from the German prison camps. Major Meiklejohn's evidence, before the British committee investigating conditions in German prison camps, was substantially the same. He says:

"The day was very hot, and we had no chance of getting any food, tho this was given in abundance to German wounded at every large station; and they even had to refuse it—having had more than they wanted. Finally after much protest from us, a German officer on the train got us a

(Continued on Page 29.)

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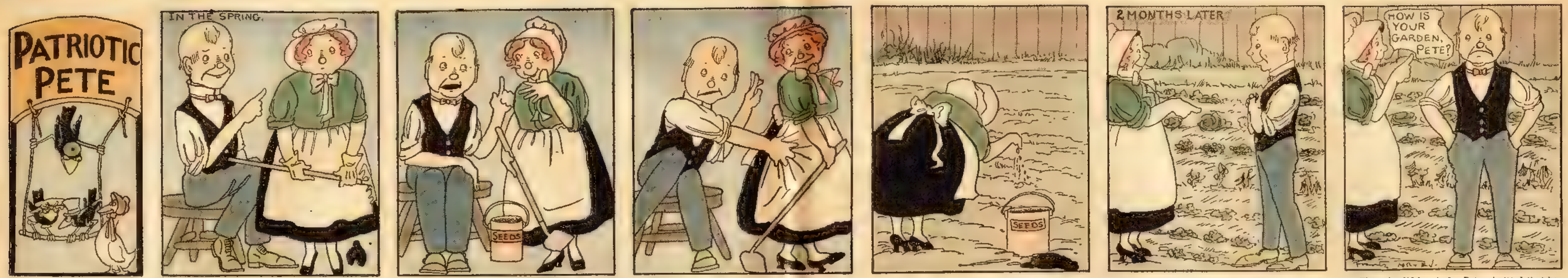


Pete Pesters Polly---

Polly started out to make her garden and Pete gave minute directions as to the right ways of planting

Each time Polly passed Pete he would give an eloquent discourse on just how to make a garden

Pete became so worked up over Polly's garden that he sat around thinking of wise advice to give her

Polly toiled with all her might and main in her garden, saying to herself, "Pete's garden will be a wonder"

Two months later she called Pete out to view her hardy little garden, hoping it would be as good as Pete's

Then she did laugh, for Pete admitted that he had been too busy doping out correct gardening to her to work on his

Filet of Sole?

When the order to collect old shoes and boots on the station was issued Ensign John Kennedy sent Bill Musard out to take them up from the 11th Regiment barracks

Musard got thru with the 11th and being a zealous lad he went up into the 13th Regiment There he met Bos'n. M. T. Wilkerson

"What are you doing up in this regiment?" Mr. Wilkerson demanded

"I'm collecting old shoes and boots for the starving Russians,' stammered the frightened Musard

"What! Do they eat them?"

◆

Well Seasoned.

"Who was that old guy I saw you with at the club yesterday?" asked the inveterate joker

"That was a very interesting man" answered the friend "He's an old salt, with a peppery disposition"

"I thought he was a well seasoned looking chap," said the joker with a shriek of laughter.

◆

Actual Labor.

"How long has that clerk worked for you?" asked the caller.

"About four hours,' replied the boss

"I thought he had been here longer than that," said the caller

"He has," said the boss "He has been here for four months'

Some Thrower.

A house hunter saw an advertisement in the paper describing a charming house "within a stone's throw of the station." He made an appointment and in due course was escorted to the house in question, two miles away When he reached the threshold he turned to the agent, suavely "Would you mind introducing me," he whispered "to the person who threw that stone?"

◆

Modern Stuff.

At the wedding reception a young wife remarked "Wasn't it annoying the way that Nelson boy cried during the whole ceremony"

"It was simply dreadful, replied the prim little maid of honor, "and when I get married I'm going to have engraved right in the corner of the invitation 'No babies expected.''

◆

She Would Be Pleased.

"What would your mother say, little boy," demanded the passer-by virtuously, "if she could hear you swear like that?"

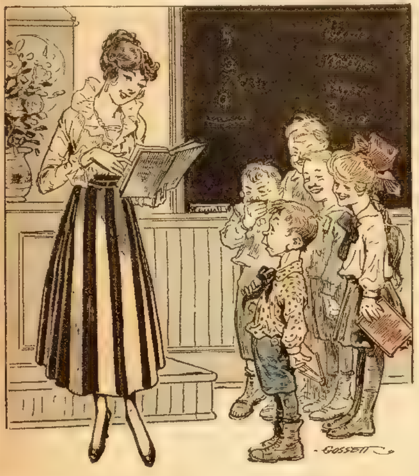
'She'd be tickled to death if she could hear it" answered the bad little boy "She's stone deaf"

◆

Hammering It Home.

"They say a pound is equal to a pint'

'That is Sim Flubdub's system of oratory Every time he pounds the desk he thinks he's made a point"



Teacher "Now, Thomas suppose your father owed the butcher $5, the baker $3, the grocer $7.50 and the milkman $3 "

Thomas—"We would move'

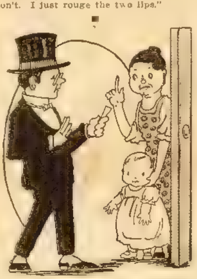
Hearts and Flowers.

They were close together His lips, after a while, seemed sticky

"Dear," he said gently, "you use a lip stick Why paint the lily "

"Honey," she answered sweetly, "I don't. I just rouge the two lips."

◆



Temperance Worker—"Does Mr Milligan live here''

Mrs. Milligan—"Sure Carry him in'

◆

Why She Stayed.

A story is told by Joe Tumulty secretary to the President. He likes his job, but he dislikes one thing about it, that he can't tell the boys—the friendly reporters—about all they wish to know He illustrated his inability to give information once by quoting the case of Johnny

Johnny was crying in the hall as his mother came along, hatted and coated She asked him what had happened

"You are going away and so is papa,' Johnny sobbed

'Why, child, I shall be away two or three days, but father is not going away'

"Yes he is" cried Johnny. "He's going to Rome!'

'Rome! What do you mean, dear?" asked the surprised mother

He said today to Mr. Brown that he would make Rome howl when you left!"

"Indeed! Well, dear, I shan't leave you now"

◆

Putting His Foot in It.

The family were putting on their best airs because Mary's beau was having dinner with them

The old folks were delighted at the way the young man was making love between the mouthfuls. When they got to the dessert, he said, loud enough to be heard all around the table

"You ought to take some angel cake, you're so like an angel"

Then little Tommy called out

"You ought to eat sponge cake, Mr Smith"

"Why, my little man"' asked Mr Smith, looking very sweet

"Because ma says you are an awful sponge.'

◆

Family Party.

A Great Lakes "fusser" went to a nearby city Sunday afternoon. He met one of the fair sex and made an engagement with her for that evening, but for two reasons he didn't keep it. At the appointed hour the young woman appeared with the two reasons—a husband on one arm and a baby on the other.

No Reg'lar Wedding.

Two darkies were suing for divorce. It was necessary for the old parson who had married them to testify He appeared and this colloquy ensued

Judge—"Nigger what's your name?"

Parson—"William Lewis, C. W. B. M., yoh honah"

Judge—"Do you know this couple?"

Parson—"Yas, suh, I do"

Judge—"Did you marry them'

Parson—"No, suh!"

Judge—"Didn't marry 'em? Why, they have proof you did"

Parson—"Mebbe, so, boss, but yo see it was lak dis. Dat yaller nigger come to me an' sed he'd gib me $3 to marry him I sez 'all right,' and went an' got dat ole woman and brung her to de church. Just befo' de ceremony he 'low as how he ain't got but six bits to gib me. Boss, I couldn't puhform no reg'lar ceremony lak dat for a measly six bits, so I just read de Christian Endeavor pledge over dem and turned um loose"

◆

Ouch!

"You are not married, are you?" asked Miss Wallflower

"No," replied Mr. Scribbler, "I have always believed that married life would disturb my literary labors."

"And what do you write that married life would destroy inspiration?" asked Miss Wallflower.

"Love stories,' replied Mr. Scribbler

Located.

"What's become of the solitary horseman who used to appear in the first chapter of the novel outlined against the horizon on the top of a hill?"

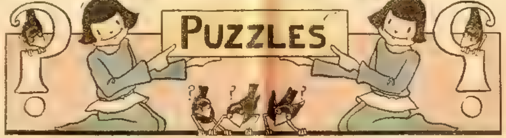
"He is probably at the bottom of the same hill in an automobile with his engine stalled.'—Puck.

◆

Family Pride.

Jones—"But, my dear, we can't afford an automobile."

Mrs. Jones—"I know that, but I want to show that stuck-up Mrs. Brown that we can have things we can't afford just as well as they can"



Central Acrostic.

39

• • 1 • •
• • 2 • •
• • 3 • •
• • 4 • •
• • 5 • •
• • 6 • •
• • 7 • •
• • 8 • •
• • 9 • •
• • 10 • •
• • 11 • •

The centrals, 1-11, spell the name of a famous maker of dictionaries

Cross words' 1, A small coin 2, A jar. 3 A long-legged bird. 4, Pale yellow. 5, A farm implement. 6, A savage's weapon. 7, Part of a hotel. 8, One of the senses. 9, To be of the same color. 10, A ruler. 11, A number

◆

Missing Words.

40—Let others —— for worldly wealth,
Whose —— is valued at a price,
For me a cottage home and health
An —— and a cow suffice

The missing words have the same letters

◆

A Meal of Anagrams.

41—At a freak dinner the heading and four items of the menu were printed in italics with an intimation that they represented by anagram the actual dishes. They read thus.

Hand me cruet
Your posset. Try our steak
One solid lamb. Steamed or tossed.

What did they represent?

Not Worth Biting.

During a hot March in Palestine a sturdy Scotch soldier, six feet in height and proportionately broad, found himself side by side with a bumptious little Englishman, who was five feet nothing

It was a hot day and the Scot was greatly troubled with the midges. They buzzed around him all the time, while the little Englishman seemed to be immune.

"The midges don't trouble me'" said the little man triumphantly, "I wonder why?"

The Scot looked down from his superior height

"I daur say," he replied, "it's because they havena' noticed ye yet!

◆

Times Have Changed.

"Oh, 'tis love that makes the world go round," sighed the romantic young thing

"Waal, mebby 'tis now," replied Uncle Abner, "but they usta be somethin' else that done it."

Then he sent his little nephew down to the drug store for another bottle of bitters

◆

Oh, That Way, Eh?

Lil Elmer—"Paw, what does a newspaper mean when it speaks of the yellow peril"

Paw—"A Chinese laundryman losin your best shirt.'

Anagram Grammar.

42—How are we taught by anagram that the singular of potatoes should not have an e at its end?

◆

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

35. Equivocal Verse.

When his mother had approved of the lines Tom, on mischief bent, reversed the position of lines two and three, so that the invitation ran

If little Jack can come to tea,
How truly vexed we all shall be.
I shall indeed be very glad
If aught at home detains the lad

◆

36. Fill in the Gaps.

The imperfect sentence:

A DEN I I CAN DOCK

is completed by inserting M five times, thus

MADMEN MIMIC AND MOCK

◆

37. The Buried Animals.

Are Ermine, Monkey, Beaver, Zebra, Ostrich

◆

38. Missing Words.

Now in **editing** tomes the professor opined
That by **dieting** weakly he strengthened his mind.
But he carried so far this observance abstemious,
That it starved all the fire that **ignited** his genius.

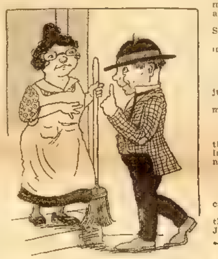
It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain [illegible], and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

The Proper Spirit.

"Don't you wish you had your boy to help you on the farm?"

"No,' replied Farmer Corntossel, "what I wish is that there was some way of me bein' over there to help Josh in the trenches'

◆



Lady—"My poor fellow, are you married?"

Hobo—"No, ma'am; de hunted look I allus wear comes from bein' chased from place to place by de police

◆

Shattered Romance.

No more shall I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes eight'

Gracious, Jeannette!"

"And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again'

'You don't mean it'

"I do, and furthermore, he will never sit on this sofa three nights a week and call me pet names, as he has been doing for two years.'

"I am astonished'

"And tonight I am going to burn all the old love letters in my chest of drawers."

"B-but why? Are you going to discard him?"

"Discard him! Why, you goose, I am going to marry him!"

◆

An Eye to Business.

'Do you want the leaves raked off your grass?" asked the incipient captain of industry, aged about 10, as he rang the door bell of a house

"Why, we haven't any," replied the woman. "We haven't a single shade tree in front."

"Oh, but you've got four big baskets of leaves out there," protested the boy. "Me an' 'nother boy dumped 'em here early this morning, and I'll carry 'em away for a nickel."

◆

Had to Stay With Car.

Among the passengers on a trolley car was a drummer with but five minutes to get to the station to catch his train Getting very fidgety the salesman inquired of the conductor: "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," said the conductor, "but I have to stay with my car."

◆

Business Ideas.

"The turnover is vital to successful merchandising"

"In that case," said the baker, "maybe I'd better put more turnovers in the oven."

She Never Felt Like This in Boston.

In a recent story this incident occurs

"He caught her to him, and for the second time he kissed her. She lay crushed against his breast, unresisting, unprotesting, her lips clinging to his, her whole soul on her lips, and her boasted conservatism nowhere. He released her momentarily, and she caught her breath and nestled close against him

"'Oh, Steve!' she said, Oh . . . Steve! I want to—to live out here, too I never felt like—like this—in Boston!'"

◆

Old Stuff

"What started this row?" inquired the judge.

"Fighting talk. He called me a minion"

"What had you called him?"

"A varlet."

"You're both about 800 years behind the times. That might have been fighting talk during the middle ages, it isn't now.'

◆

Neutral.

Patient—"Doctor, why does a small cavity seem so large to the tongue?"

Dentist—"Just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.'—Judge

Couldn't Tell the Difference.

A Senator, while traveling in the South, attended a colored church one Sunday morning and put a $20 bill in the collection plate

The collector gave a start He carried the plate, with its little heap of coppers and nickels and its crisp yellow bill, up to the pulpit. There he and the preacher and a couple of elders conversed excitedly in hissing whispers for several minutes

Finally the collector tiptoed down to the Senator and muttered in his ear'

"Boss, when yo' gwine to leave dis town?"

"To-morrow morning," said the Senator.

"Wall, boss," whispered the collector, "we uns have decided to pass her if you'll promise to keep still Dere ain't a man in town can tell her from a good one

◆

Suspicious Circumstance.

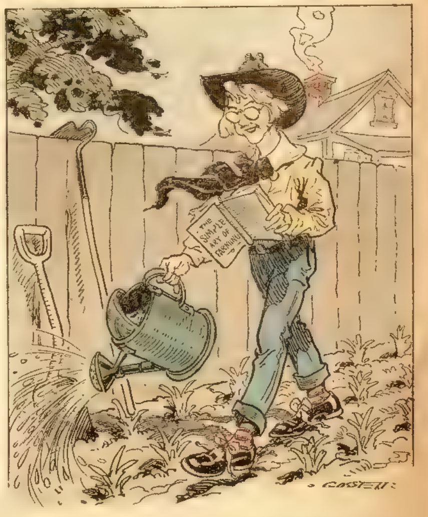
"I have a letter here from my fiance who is now in France," said Miss Peacher

"Yes?"

"He made a number of cross marks for kisses"

"Well?"

"The last two are not like the others. I wonder if some flirtatious censor added those on his own account."


THE SIMPLE WAY OF FARMING
GOSSETT

Poet Farmer (reading)—"It says 'to keep woodchucks from eating the tender young vines, spray them with paris green.' That is plain enough, but how can I catch the woodchucks in order to do it?

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GENTLE JABS.

Figures are like hens—they never lie.

Kisses between women are a mere formality

Adversity is given to some to test their poverty.

There isn't much love in a sensible love letter

There is reason in all things, but not in all people.

A man's good intentions seldom add to his income.

Jealousy feels like kicking itself after it is too late to repair the mischief.

The angler's baited breath catches the big fish stories.

Children should be seen more and talked about less.

A fearless man is one of the greatest feminine attractions.

A conceited young lady says that the men are a covet-us lot.

He who talks big things seldom does anything but small ones.

Shooting stars may yet discover that the earth is a good revolver.

Jealousy feels like kicking itself after it is too late to repair the mischief.

Nothing troubles the average man less than the troubles of his neighbors.

Many a man's good opinion is not worth the price you have to pay for it.

He who dives to the bottom of pleasure brings up more gravel than pearls.

Lack of originality in some persons' conversation displays their good judgment.

A clever woman shuts up and listens when the right man begins to talk about himself.

Tho the office seldom seeks the man, the job frequently does—and without success.

A clever woman shuts up and listens when tne right man begins to talk about himself.

If it were possible to amputate one's conscience the surgeons would have to work overtime.

Whoever chooses his wife for the way she looks on the street seldom makes a serious mistake.

Nothing surprises the woman who marries a man to reform him like the success of her efforts.

Love should never be treated lightly. That is probably the reason why the light is turned down so often.

For six months after marriage one kind of man addresses his wife as "Darling." After that he says, "Say, you!"

Your Kitchen in War Time

Tasty Salads.

BEET AND CELERY SALAD—Mix equal quantities of chopped boiled beets and crisp celery. Moisten with boiled dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves.

CHEESE AND JELLY SALAD—Wash and drain some crisp white lettuce, lay in a cold dish. Make some small balls of cream cheese mixed with a little cream and salt and make a depression like a well on top of each ball. In this put any rich, red jelly. Put French dressing in generous quantities on the lettuce, and on top put the little cream balls.

EGG SALAD—Boil 3 eggs hard, remove shells, split eggs lengthwise. Remove yolks of eggs, rub to a paste, add 3 sardines, pounded, and season with salt, paprika and lemon juice. Fill halved whites with this mixture and serve on lettuce leaves with a tablespoon of French dressing poured over the top.

To make Russian dressing, add ⅛ cup chili sauce to 2-3 cup mayonnaise. Mix thoroly.

To make fancy salads, add gelatin to salted boiling vinegar, and pour over celery and nuts, or any well-liked combination. Pour into jelly glasses. When cold cut in slices and serve with the salad dressing.

Chicken Pillau.

CHICKEN pillau, with potatoes, fried parsnips and stewed celery. Put a large, fat chicken, old or young, into a pot, with 1 carrot, onion and a sprig of sweet herbs; boil and skim; when the chicken is half cooked add a pint of tomatoes cut up (fresh or canned), and a little broken mace; when it is done enough to eat as boiled fowl take it up, take out the carrot and onion and measure the liquor. There should be about 3 pints. To each 2½ cups of soup put 1 of rice, and when it has boiled 10 minutes stir in a piece of butter size of an egg; before putting in the rice, pepper and salt the broth, and when it is tender (but not too soft) take it up; serve in an oval dish, the fowl in the middle of the rice.

Hard Sauce Served Differently.

A DAINTY way of serving hard sauce for 6 or 7 persons—Beat until white ½ cup of good butter and 1 cup granulated sugar. Add the white of 1 egg, unbeaten, and beat again until creamy. Divide into 4 equal portions, and to these respectively add 2 or 3 drops of vanilla, 1 teaspoon of grated chocolate or cocoa, 5 drops of lemon juice, and 2 or 3 drops each of pink coloring and strawberry flavoring. Spread them in thick layers in the order given above in a square tin and put on ice to harden. When ready to serve remove the sauce from the tin, being careful to preserve the shape, and cut in slices either down or across. At the table place a slice on the side of each individual dish of the dessert with which it is served.

Rhubarb Fanchonettes.

TWO pounds of rhubarb, 1 cup of sirup, ¼ cup of strained orange juice, 1 tablespoon of gelatin and pastry shells. Cut rhubarb into 1-inch pieces. The hothouse variety requires no peeling. Place in layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkling the sirup between the layers and add two tablespoons of water. Cover and bake for 1 hour. Dissolve the gelatin in the orange juice, and when the rhubarb is cooked remove it from the oven and add this mixture to it. Let it get perfectly cold. When ready to serve fill the shells with the rhubarb mixture, heap with whipped and sweetened cream and decorate to taste. Those who do not like plain stewed rhubarb should try this beneficial plant in this way.

Cheese and Olive Sandwiches.

TAKE a 5-cent cream cheese and break up with a fork in a bowl. Put ½ 10-cent bottle of stuffed olives thru meat chopper, pouring off the liquid first. Save the juice from the chopped olives to mix with the cheese and olives to form a paste to spread between very thin slices of buttered bread (crusts removed) and cut in fancy shapes. Add salt to taste.

Cabbage and Rice.

CABBAGE and rice is a very nice combination. Boil one head of cabbage weighing about two pounds in salted water until done. Boil in another pan cup of washed rice. Drain when cooked of all but a little water. Fry one onion in four slices of salt pork. Mix these all together and boil up for one minute. Season to taste.

Cocoa Muffins.

DISSOLVE three tablespoonfuls of cocoa in half a cup of boiling water. Cream a scant half cupful of sugar (brown or maple) with two tablespoonfuls of melted clarified beef dripping, add the chocolate mixture, two lightly beaten eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk and one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with three-quarters of a cupful of bran flour and three-quarters of a cupful of wheat flour. Beat the latter vigorously and fill into greased muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

Next Week!

THE editor believes that the recipes on this page should serve a two-fold purpose. First, they should help you to make your dollar go a long way; second, they should help you to help Uncle Sam not only in conserving food and preventing waste, but in using substitutes for wheat, meat, sugar and fats.

Just at present, the cheapest and best substitute for wheat, is the potato. Our June 8th number will contain many attractive recipes for preparing the tuber. Every one of them is tested. We ask you to try them. They are all cheap and wholesome, and will give you the opportunity of varying your meals and helping the Government to send more wheat to the Allies.

Hot Hamburg Sandwich.

TWELVE thin slices of bread, one-half cup (four ounces) chopped beef, one and one-quarter cups milk, one teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, few drops onion juice, two eggs. Cut bread in cutlet shape. Mix chopped beef with one-fourth cup milk, salt, pepper and onion juice. Spread half the pieces of bread with seasoned meat and cover with remaining pieces of bread. Beat eggs lightly, add remaining milk and one-half teaspoon salt. Dip sandwiches in the milk, remove and brown first on one side and then on the other on a hot greased griddle. Serve with hot brown or tomato sauce.

Mock Oyster Soup.

TO TWO quarts of boiling water, add 1 onion minced fine, salt and pepper to taste. Use one can salmon, remove all skin and bone, add liquid to boiling water. Break up the larger pieces with a fork and let boil 10 minutes. Remove from fire, add piece of butter and one pint milk. Serve hot. Another way is to cut into small pieces 3 potatoes, 1 onion and 1 cup codfish; cook until tender, add enough boiling water to make 3 pints. Season with piece of butter, pepper and 1 cup milk.

Stewed Mushrooms.

TRIM off the earthy end of the stalk and wipe the caps with a clean wet cloth. Avoid washing, if possible, as washing tends to destroy the flavor. Peel caps and break in pieces. Melt 3 tablespoonfuls butter substitute, add 1 pound of mushrooms, prepared as above; cook two or three minutes, sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste, dredge lightly with flour and add ½ cup good white stock or water. Bring slowly to boiling point and cook gently about five minutes.

Cheese Cake.

ONE cup milk, pinch of salt, ¾ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 2 eggs, 1 cake cottage cheese. Scald the milk, add the sugar, salt and cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Stir over hot water until the mixture thickens, then add the beaten eggs and last the cheese cake, mixed with a little extra milk. Line one pie plate or a number of small patty tins with paste; fill with the mixture and bake until the cheese custard is firm

Left-over Meat Recipe.

HAVE you ever had just a few pieces of meat left over some time and some thickened gravy? Cut up the meat in small pieces, add onions and cold water to cover them, let boil until the onions (cut up) are done, then add diced potatoes and the thickened gravy, and salt, if needed. It makes a very easy and cheap dish of leftovers.

Corn Cakes.

TAKE 1 large cup bread flour, ¾ cup cornmeal, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder; sift all together; 1 tablespoon melted butter. Break 1 egg in cup and fill with milk, about 1½ cups. Bake at once in hot muffin pan in hot oven. Makes one dozen.

Buckwheat Griddle Cakes.

ONE pint buttermilk, buckwheat flour, ¼ cake yeast, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon molasses, ¼ teaspoon soda.

Into the buttermilk stir enough flour to make a thin batter; add the yeast cake softened in a little warm water and the salt and beat thoroly. Let rise over night and in the morning stir in the molasses and the baking soda. Save a cup of the batter to be used instead of yeast for the next baking.

How to Bake Peppers.

THERE are different ways of baking peppers. Put about 1 tablespoon butter in baking dish to every 4 or 5 peppers, and after they have been in a few minutes add 1 tablespoon water to each tablespoon of butter. Baste them often and add more butter if they become dry, but do not add any more water. You can use lard or any good fat in place of butter, but they are better when butter is used

Cornmeal Griddle Cakes.

ONE cup cornmeal, 1 cup boiling milk, 1 tablespoon drippings, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon molasses, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs.

Put cornmeal in bowl, cover with boiling milk. Add the fat. When cold add the salt, molasses, baking powder and eggs which have been beaten until light. Mix all well together and bake on a hot griddle.

Hominy Muffins.

ONE cup cooked hominy, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups corn flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder.

Mix together hominy, salt, melted shortening, beaten egg and milk. Add flour, which has been sifted with baking powder. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins or shallow pan in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Cabbage Omelet.

BOIL a small cabbage until tender, drain, let stand several hours, then chop finely. Season with pepper and salt, add 1 tablespoon of melted butter, 3 well-beaten eggs and ½ cup of thin cream. Melt 1 large tablespoon of butter in an omelet pan, turn in the mixture, stir until brown, turn out in a hot dish and garnish with parsley.

Tunny Fish Cutlets.

MIX 1½ cups of finely flaked tunny fish with an equal quantity of hot mashed potatoes. Season with pepper, salt and a dash of cayenne, add 1 whole egg and 1 egg yolk beaten until light, stir well together, shape into cutlets, dip in beaten egg, roll in fine dry bread crumbs, fry in deep hot fat and serve with slices of lemon.

Corn Dodgers.

ONE and three-fourths cup boiling water, 2 cups cornmeal, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons fat.

Pour the boiling water over the other materials. Beat well. When cool, form into thin cakes and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven. Makes 14 biscuits. These crisp biscuits are good with butter or gravy.

Sweetbreads.

SOAK sweetbreads in cold water for ½ hour, parboil in hot water with a little salt and lemon juice, for 20 minutes. Split each sweetbread, season with salt and pepper, dip in dressing oil and sprinkle with flour. Broil over a rather quick fire for about 10 minutes, turning constantly. Serve with dressing oil cream sauce.

Barley Baking Powder Biscuits.

TWO cups barley flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons fat, 2-3 cup milk.

Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the fat, and add the liquid until a soft dough is formed. Roll to about ¾ inch thick, cut with a cookie cutter and bake in a hot oven.

American Fried Potatoes.

PARE as many potatoes as are needed, put them thru grinder, allow to stand in cold water 10 minutes, drain and fry in very hot fat—as you would sliced potatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Serve hot

Try These.

CHICKEN Veal or Meat Pie—Make pie crust; 1 cup lard to 3 cups flour (use 1 cup any wheat substitute), roll, cut as for apple dumplings. Add cooked meat and 1 or 2 pieces potato. Close and bake. Thicken broth and serve on pies.

Third Installment of a Story of Baffling Mystery and Crime.

BY WHOSE HAND?

By Julian F. Darrow

What Has Gone Before

FELIX JASPER, a retired lawyer, with a penchant for criminal investigation, finds himself the guest of his old bachelor crony, Judge Stormways. The Judge's mansion has recently been purchased from the Pangborns—a family whose wealth was shattered in a Wall street crash and whose sons long since had gone to the dogs. Jasper finds also that the Judge has adopted as his daughter and heir a girl named Janice, and this girl Jasper recalls having seen before—in the drunken company of Oscar Pangborn in a vicious quarter of New York City. Jasper is interested also in the Judge's secretary, Richard Selkirk, first, because the youth is obviously in love with Janice and, second, because he seems to be harboring a secret that worries him. During the night of his arrival a shot and a cry are heard and Jasper comes from his room to find the Judge on the stairs, gun in hand, apparently about to investigate the disturbance. Together they descend to the living-room where the Judge's collection of priceless curios is being cataloged by Janice and the Judge's secretary. Here they find the dead body of the supposed Oscar Pangborn, shot thru the heart. There is a bundle of stolen curios on the floor beside him. The murdered man is unarmed, so that the shot must have been fired by some one who either accompanied him or ran upon him in the living-room. A letter in the man's pocket indicates that he had come to the house primarily to obtain a pearl necklace belonging to his mother, which was hidden behind a loose panel in the living-room wall. Another letter, written in a feminine hand, is of such nature as to suggest that Janice could have written it, and the finding on the floor of a handkerchief belonging to Janice still further seems to implicate her. The Judge's revolver, on the other hand, shows an empty chamber, and Jasper sets himself to analyze these conflicting clews.

This baffling mystery story began in No. 20, the Ledger dated May 18. Copies containing the previous installments may be secured from our agents, newsdealers or by mail from the office of publication

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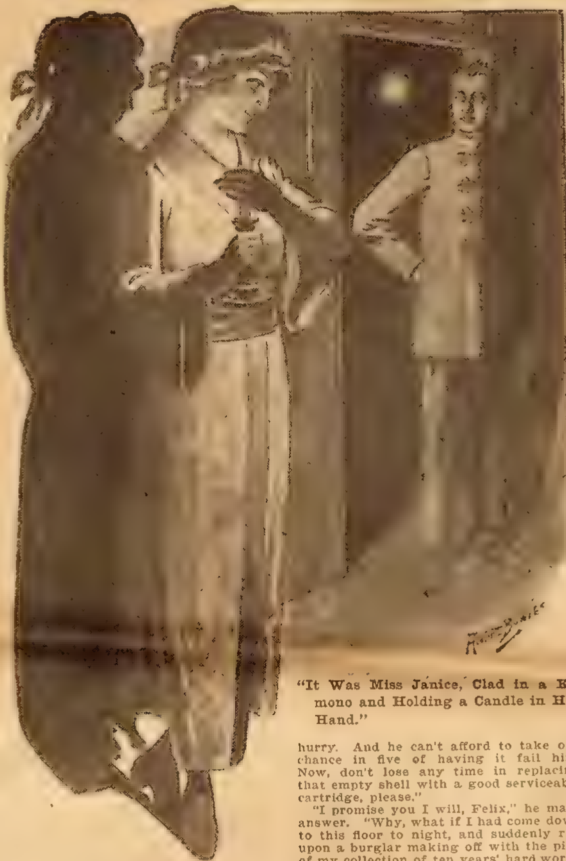

"It Was Miss Janice, Clad in a Kimono and Holding a Candle in Her Hand."

I HAD known Judge Stormways for many years, and always deemed him the essence of honor; so that it was really absurd to imagine that he could be induced to do a mean act; and as to committing murder, or even shooting down a prowler found in his house at midnight, and then trying to keep the truth hidden, it was impossible. But how explain the empty chamber in his revolver?

As a first effort I raised the weapon, and sniffed at it, with the idea of learning whether there might be an odor of burnt powder connected with it. This was certain to be the case had the gun been recently discharged, and would be one of the most positive bits of evidence imaginable

Greatly to my relief the scent was so weak as to be almost absent; and judging from that I made up my mind the weapon could hardly have been fired within the half hour. Still, to make assurance doubly certain, I started in to quiz the Judge with regard to his weapon of defense. All the while I was mindful of certain significant facts, such as his standing there on the stair-landing, breathing heavily, and staring downward, at the time I first came upon him.

"An ugly little gun, Judge, and I should think it would be apt to give a good account of itself in an emergency, providing the hand that gripped it was steady. How long have you carried this machine?" I asked, still handling it in an apparently careless way, and turning the cylinder around with my thumb

"Oh! something like three years I should think," he replied "Yes, it was after I picked up that wonderful golden scarab in the Egyptian tombs, said to be worth a fortune among collectors, and suspected that I might be waylaid and robbed. But it proved to be a false alarm, and the little beauty is the pride of my heart to this day, tho you can see it came near being carried off tonight" and he lifted a shining object from the midst of the stuff that had been hastily gathered together by the intruder before the strange shot came that ended his life

"Then you have had no chance to test the gun?" I went on to say

"That's where you mistake, Felix," he replied, quickly. "It happened that just a month or so ago I had very good use for my little protector, when I happened to be assailed by a savage dog out in the country lane, and would have been severely bitten only that I managed to give him a shot that sent him howling and limping on three legs back to his kennel. The owner was wrathy at first, but I soon convinced him that he did not have a single leg to stand on in court; and that he might be punished for allowing such a vicious animal to run free on the public highway."

"Good for you, Judge!" I continued, "and as I find one of the chambers empty, I warrant you did not think to replace the useless cartridge shell with a fresh one. How about that, Judge?"

He looked at me for a couple of seconds, and then laughed softly.

"For a fact now, I fancy you have hit the truth, Felix. I meant to do the needful as soon as I could get to where I kept the box of cartridges; but in the press of important things which I was carrying on my mind at the time I must have entirely forgotten it. Yes, it is just as you say, and to think that your keen eyes should have been the ones to detect my omission."

"But it is a dangerous thing to leave even one empty chamber in your cylinder," I told him, at the same time feeling wonderfully refreshed after my little scare had proved to be so short lived

But how could that be, when I would have four other shots left?" he asked.

"Just this way," I went on, watching Richard out of the tail of my eye, for he stood there looking after the departing Janice with the most perplexed and worried expression on his face imaginable; "there would always be a chance that should you have a sudden occasion to fire a shot in order to save your life, which was in peril, the hammer of the weapon would strike upon the empty shell; and that little second of time lost would be enough in some cases to spell your death. When a man needs a friend in a shooting iron, Judge, he generally needs it in a hurry. And he can't afford to take one chance in five of having it fail him. Now, don't lose any time in replacing that empty shell with a good serviceable cartridge, please."

"I promise you I will, Felix," he made answer. "Why, what if I had come down to this floor to night, and suddenly run upon a burglar making off with the pick of my collection of ten years' hard work? It gives me a cold chill to think how he would have had me at his mercy if I snapped my gun uselessly at him. Yes, I shall remedy that mistake without delay, Felix; and thank you very much for giving me such sensible advice."

Really it was in my mind to spare the Judge much unnecessary humiliation by being placed under suspicion by some smart city detective.

Having entirely removed even the slightest suspicion in my own mind, regarding any possible connection between the Judge and the death of the intruder, I was now ready to turn once more to another quarter and try to grasp certain things that were puzzling me deeply

To confess the truth, I had taken a deep interest in the tragedy of that night. I already knew that Oscar Pangborn had a strong and sufficient reason for entering his old home by stealth, not wishing his presence to be known, whether he were aware of the mansion's being occupied by strangers, or in charge of his father's care-taker. But no matter what had brought him there, the sight of all those valuable treasures must have given him an itching palm, and the desire to possess himself of the most portable as well as the finest in the lot might have caused him to make a bundle of the same, when that awful interruption to his scheme had occurred.

By whose hand had he fallen?

Why was I thus far balked in my efforts to discover some trace that would tell of the presence of a companion in his midnight adventure, which would go far toward explaining the mystery attending his death.

The utter absence of any weapon, either on his person or near by, proved beyond all possibility of doubt that it could never have been an accident; and this in so many words meant that another had done the deed.

I passed over to where Richard stood. He was moodily scanning the pattern of the handsome imported rug on the library floor; and I could easily believe that the boy was trying to figure out certain things in his mind that were giving him a decidedly unpleasant feeling.

It was also an easy matter for me to guess that they concerned the fair young girl who had just left us; for his whole manner had been of stunned surprise and utter unwillingness to believe something that kept hammering away at his brain every since he had heard Janice confess that she had once known the dead man under another name, and that he had tried many times to force his unwelcome attentions upon her.

I could even give a pretty good guess as to some of the horrible things that were making Richard so miserable. For one, he was wondering whether the handsome, tho dissipated, Oscar might not have known of her presence here in his old home, and had come to visit her in this secret manner. That would imply a meeting of the two in the room where the tragedy had occurred, and a quarrel, during which the fatal shot was fired by some one.

The idea seemed far-fetched, and yet I had during the course of my intensely interesting investigations run across so many queer happenings, that I long ago made up my mind never to call a thing impossible until it had been proven such. I respected that sweet young girl and deep down in my natural heart could never believe her capable of doing such a terrible thing; but until all the conditions surrounding her acquaintance with Oscar Pangborn, and just how far he might threaten her, were known to me, my lawyer sense would not be wholly satisfied.

But I suspected that Richard might be in a position to assist me in unraveling the knot, if only I could convince him that it was his duty, not only to his employer, but to Janice as well, to tell me what he knew; as it would at any rate finally be forced from his unwilling lips by a stranger, and look all the more suspicious on account of his plain effort to conceal his knowledge.

In other words I meant to show that for him to decline to tell me what it was really necessary for me to know, would only add to the troubles of Janice, and make him an accessory after the fact, in the eye of the law.

Wishing to talk with him entirely alone, I watched the Judge, and was pleased to see him make a move as tho he intended carrying out his proposition with regard to changing his bathrobe for his usual clothes.

"We'll follow you shortly, Judge," I sang out after him. "I want to have a few words with Richard first. Meanwhile, don't forget to replace that empty shell you used upon that vicious dog. Next time you might have great need of it, remember."

"I certainly will, Felix. No need to hurry, because I expect the police will not be here for half an hour or so. They are usually a slow lot in these suburban places, you know."

"Perhaps you might find out if the help has been aroused by this moving about, as I may want to question them after a bit, to see if they heard the shot and the cry. I am not quite sure in my own mind whether the shout came before or after the report; and it would make a vast difference, you see, one way or another."

"No doubt they are up, and shivering in their rooms, not knowing but what the house is being robbed, and all of us in danger of being murdered. That is why they have not given tongue up to now. I'll get them down, all right, Felix, and let me say that I consider your scheme of securing corroborative evidence a good one. It is plain that you've never forgotten that you were a shining light at the bar."

With those words he vanished; and I whirled upon Richard, whom I found looking uneasily at me. Evidently he had received a little shock when he heard me tell the Judge I meant to speak with him then and there. And if ever I had seen an expression of mingled alarm and determination not to betray a secret, on a human countenance it was plainly written in the face of Richard Selkirk at the moment he found himself left alone with me in the Judge's library.

Because I fancied that with a young fellow built on the order Richard seemed to be I would meet with determined opposition if I made a frontal attack, I decided on a flank movement. When a man has pleaded at the bar for many years, he knows the value of diplomacy; for there are many ways of getting testimony admitted that has previously been shut out by the ruling of the presiding judge

Instead of immediately jumping at the one particular object I had in view I started speaking to Richard of his own personal affairs.

"How did you happen to get in touch with my old friend, Judge Stormways, Richard?" I asked him, as pleasantly as possible, so as to throw him off his guard.

He started visibly and gave me a look which convinced me that my question had meant much more to him than I really intended. That caused me to remember how I had noticed his manner of watching the Judge, and the expression on his face that made me wonder in the beginning whether he might not be hugging some sort of secret to his heart.

"He advertised for a secretary, sir, and I answered it. There were numerous applicants, but I was fortunate enough to be the successful one," he replied, allowing his eyes to drop before my steady gaze

"But you knew of Judge Stormways before, did you not, Richard?" I continued, wondering whether he could have met Janice on some occasion and fallen in love with the pretty girl at first sight.

"Why—yes, sir, I had heard of him often, tho I had never met him up to the time I came to see him at his hotel in answer to my letter."

"And had you ever met his adopted daughter before then, Richard?" I went on

"No sir, never. I supposed that he was all alone in the world. Mr. Jasper, I am sure that you will not betray my confidence, sir, if I tell you something about myself."

"I certainly will not, Richard, you may depend on that; and if I can give you any needed advice I shall surely be only too glad to do so. Now, what is it you think you would like to tell me about?"

He glanced hastily about him before speaking

"It is a queer time and place to be taking you into my confidence, sir," Richard continued, speaking quickly, as tho afraid that his resolution might fail him, "but from the beginning I have felt that you looked at me strangely, and it seemed that you might even suspect me of being in this house under false pretenses. Well, Mr. Jasper, that is exactly what I have been doing, for my name is not Selkirk at all!"

Of course I was surprised, but I managed to control my face as I went on to say:

"Suppose you tell me what your real name is, then, Richard?"

"It is Stormways, Mr. Jasper!" he replied, giving me a new shock, you may be sure.

"Oh! indeed, and what relation may my old friend, the Judge, be to you, Richard?" I inquired, when I could catch my breath sufficiently to speak.

"He is my own uncle, sir. My father was his younger brother, Andrew. They had a terrible quarrel after their parents died, and I fear my father was the one most to blame. At any rate, they never saw each other again, my father going out West and marrying there. I am the only child living today, three others having died as infants. And after my dear father passed away, on looking over his papers I learned of this most distressing family quarrel. It occurred to me that perhaps I might in some way heal the long-standing breach, and come to know some of my relatives. My father had left me comfortably provided for, and so I came East, just in time to read that Judge Stormways had returned to his native land after a most profitable trip around the world, and expected to purchase an estate over in Jersey, where he could house his collection. Then later on I saw that he was advertising for a secretary, and the bold idea came into my mind to try to enter his home, win his regard as a total stranger, and then tell him who I was. That is all, Mr. Jasper, and I hope you won't condemn my poor plan as foolish and nonsensical."

Why, on the contrary it struck me as one of the most charming little ideas I had ever heard of, and such as are seldom met with, off the stage or out of novels.

"My dear boy," I remarked, holding out my hand to him, "let me assure you that I admire your principles greatly, and feel absolutely certain that when the Judge comes to learn that he has a nephew so dear to his heart, he will only too gladly forget all the bitter past. Besides, there is perhaps another reason why he may find it advisable to receive you warmly. Janice has already crept into the heart of my old friend, and become as dear to him as his own daughter could have been."

He turned rosy red under my words, and then smiled, rather wanly, however.

"Who could help being deeply interested in so charming a young girl, Mr. Jasper?" he went on to say. "Frankly, I admit to you that since coming here I have allowed myself to indulge in happy dreams, which I can only hope may not prove phantoms, to mock me in the future."

"The Judge was telling me she was the daughter of a dear friend of his, and that he had come upon her in a most extraordinary way. He promised to give me the story a little later on. Perhaps you already know about it, Richard?"

"Yes, he took me into his confidence, Mr. Jasper, and I do not think he meant it for a secret. Her mother was his sweetheart in days long gone by. She chose another man for her husband, and this proved a very unfortunate thing, for she suffered all sorts of privations, and left her only child to face a cold world down in the slums of New York. The way the Judge met Janice was like the working of the shuttle of Fate, he declares. There happened to be a fire in a tenement one night, while he was passing near by, and he joined the crowd gathered, to watch the firemen rescue the inmates of the doomed building. They went up the fire-escapes and carried down frightened women and children by the dozens. One girl held a baby in her arms that she said she had picked up on the hall floor; and she was so nearly done for that she fainted. The Judge was somehow struck by her face, which he now says recalled memories of his younger years, and he insisted on having her taken directly to the hospital in an automobile he hired. Then, later on, when he came to question the girl he learned that she was really the child of his former sweetheart; of course, you can imagine what followed."

I heard this with mingled emotions, for it happened that I had known something of that turn-down page in the life of my old friend, and understood why he had gone thru life alone.

I nodded. There was a face in the back of the Judge's watch that he would never let any one see, and I understood what it meant. But time was flitting. I made a fresh start to influence him into telling me what he knew, or suspected, with relation to Janice and her connection with this affair.

"You understand, Richard, that as soon as the authorities take charge here, we must all consider ourselves bound to do whatever they tell us. A crime has been committed, or at least a deed of violence carried out; and they will be obliged to exhaust every effort in the line of investigation, so as to discover, if possible, who fired that fatal shot. That is all plain enough to you, is it not, Richard?"

He said it was, but there was little animation in his manner of speaking.

"Now, I have taken it upon myself to discover the real culprit," I went on to tell him, speaking in a confidential way, "and I want you to know that I believe I will be able to place my hand upon the guilty party presently. But Richard, it is essential that I know what is troubling you right now. Better that you tell me, and we can reason matters out together, so as to utterly disprove the guilt lying in the quarter toward which your thoughts are roaming than that a heartless detective should seize upon the facts as positive evidence pointing that way. In other words, choose between a pronounced friend helping you to dissipate the seemingly awkward incident, and a hostile hand tearing things ruthlessly down. You believe that I am a sincere friend of the Judge and all he cares for, don't you?"

At that Richard looked suddenly up. It seemed as tho he must have found himself convinced that what I said was true. Well, I was not very much surprised, because I had considerable faith in my wheedling abilities, and then this nephew of Judge Stormways looked like a sensible, clear-headed young chap.

"Mr. Jasper, I believe I ought to tell you what I saw," he started to say, and then added hastily, "tho of course you must understand that not for a single minute could I think of suspecting Janice of having had any connection with that terrible crime. But it struck me that if any one probing into these things should compel me to speak about it, the circumstances might arouse dreadful suspicions, especially when it was known that she had been acquainted with Oscar Pangborn two years ago, and that he had persecuted her then. That was what made me shiver, just the bare thought that she might be put under suspicion, perhaps arrested. Oh! think of the shame of it all, if such a terrible thing happened; and having her whole sad life written up in the yellow sheets, so that her name must be common property in every place where men gather! I am going to confide in you, Mr. Jasper, and do hope and pray that you can find a solution of what I saw by chance."

"Make up your mind that it will all turn out right, Richard," I assured him, "because it is utterly out of the question that this lovely girl could have had any possible connection with the death of Oscar Pangborn. These little matters are only accidental happenings that can be brushed away readily enough. Now, what do you know about Janice that seems to have a bearing on the incidents of this terrible night?"

Richard seemed to summon all his fortitude, as tho he needed it before he was able to answer my question. Then he leaned forward and went on to say:

"This is what happened, sir: I chanced to awaken, after being asleep I do not know how long, and thinking that some one had tapped on my door, I arose to open it. No one was there, but I heard the swish of garments farther along the hall, and looking out, saw that some one bearing a lighted candle was passing along toward the back stairs. There is a turn in the passage there, and Mr. Jasper, when she came to this and I had a chance to see her face, I discovered that it was Miss Janice, clad in her kimono, and holding a candle in one hand!"

Richard evidently expected that I would give a gasp of horror at hearing what he had to say. I did nothing of the kind. Naturally I was somewhat bothered by the circumstance, because I could easily understand how a shrewd detective might make much out of the circumstance; but to my mind it would admit of an easy explanation.

First, I set about reassuring Richard, who surely seemed in need of comfort, for he was looking very unhappy as he stood there, watching my face.

"At the time you did not think anything of the circumstance, did you?" I asked.

"Certainly not, sir. I immediately closed my door again, and hurried back to my bed. My inference, if I thought of the matter at all, was that Miss Janice might have awakened, and finding herself thirsty, had gone to the bathroom for a drink, as I have done myself more than once; or else that she had remembered leaving her watch down on the mantel in the library, and was taking the back stairs in order to recover the precious present which the Judge had given her soon after she came to him."

"You did not hear her pass by again, then?" I went on to inquire, thinking in this way to place the length of time she had been out of her room, and possibly settle the question of her having returned there long before the shot was fired in the lower part of the house.

"No, I must have dropped off asleep immediately my head was on the pillow," he told me; "tho, for that matter, if she did pass down to the library, she might have decided to come up the front stairs on returning."

"Of course, you could not say, if you admit of being sound asleep at the time, how long afterward it was that the alarm came?" I asked Richard.

He shook his head in the negative, at the same time remarking:

"I took no notice, Mr. Jasper, tho it seems to me a clock was striking at the time I opened my door; but what the hour may have been I could not say. But when I learned that Janice had known and feared that man, you can understand how this little thing became magnified in my mind, and I seemed to feel a cold hand pressing on my heart—just because I realized what trouble there would be in store for her should my story be wrung from my unwilling lips."

"Well, if I were you, Richard, I wouldn't allow it to worry me any longer," was what I told him. "I shall take the first opportunity I find to question Janice about her flitting thru the halls after she had retired; and no doubt she will readily explain. And depend on it, I shall be careful not to mention that it was thru you I secured my information."

"I thank you, Mr. Jasper, that is kind of you; and believe me, I am glad now that I told you what I have, both in connection with her affairs and my own. Something seems to assure me that if anybody can bring light out of the darkness, you will, sir."

"I'm going to try pretty hard, Richard," I told him, with as cheery a smile as I could summon on my face; for I saw that the poor fellow was feeling most miserable, and was in great need of encouragement. "And now, suppose both of us get up to our rooms as quickly as we can, and dress. The police will be along at any time and we want to be in condition to see them, as the Judge said. No more sleep for anybody in this house tonight, Richard."

"I should say not, sir," he replied; "and all I can hope is that our wakefulness will be only confined to this night."

We left the library, and ascended the stairs. As we did so I fancied that I caught some sort of rattling sound, as of a bit of plaster falling inside the wall; Richard must have heard it too, for he immediately said over his shoulder, since he preceded me on the stairs

"We have rats in this house, sir, so you needn't be surprised at any sound like that. Sometimes they have regular fights between the outer and inner walls, after which there will come a heavy fall, and then dead silence. The Judge has sent for a professional rat exterminator to pay us a visit, and clear them out, offering to pay him a round sum to make a complete sweep. They don't bother me any, but the maids complain, more or less, that they are afraid up in their third story rooms."

When I reached my apartment it did not take long to don my clothing. And all the while my thoughts ran riot concerning the possible solution of this remarkable mystery. The Judge and Richard believed that Oscar Pangborn may have been drawn to visit the home of his childhood thru a desire to acquire a part of the collector's valuable curios, and because he would know so well how to enter, as well as ransack, the mansion that must be very familiar to him; but I had discovered that the young man had another motive entirely.

At the same time he may have fetched a pal along with him to be handy in case of need; and the two could have come to hard words over the astonishing prospect of an unexpected haul, such as would have ended in that fatal shot!

As soon as I had finished dressing I hurried downstairs again; and had hardly reached the library before I heard some one following me.

It was Janice, still looking white and troubled, as tho something was bearing heavily on her mind. Of course, I felt that this must be the fact that her unhappy past, which she had hoped had been put away and buried forever, should have been so rudely thrust upon her again by the discovery of the man she had detested and feared two years back. At the same time I welcomed the opportunity of having a few words with the girl before any one else put in an appearance; there were several matters waiting to be cleared up, and she could be of considerable assistance to me in explaining them.

I saw her glance hurriedly about as she entered the library, and quite naturally enough her gaze rested longest on the closed door that led into the large apartment where the Judge kept his collection, and which now held such a mute and terrible witness of the late tragedy.

I hurried to offer a chair; and she thanked me with a sweet smile. More than ever was I firmly convinced that this lovely young girl could not possibly have had any connection with the death of Oscar Pangborn; still, I had made my plans concerning the way in which I expected to learn facts calculated to ease Richard's harassed mind, and as time was of more or less value just then, I hastened to say:

"You have had a wretched night, Miss Janice; and the roses will be lacking in those cheeks of yours until you make up the loss of rest."

She sighed, and shook her head, meanwhile remarking:

"That is only a small thing, Mr. Jasper. To me the worst is having my miserable past life so unexpectedly thrust before me. Oh! I had hoped so much that I would forget those days of temptation and trial, when my poor mother and I had to fight the wolf from our door. And to think of that man appearing here—turning out to be one of the

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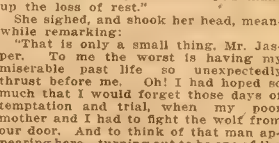

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Pangborn twins, of whom we have heard such sad stories since coming to Linden Fells! I seem to feel as tho I must wake up, and find that my late happiness has been unreal. It is dreadful to know that he met his fate under the roof that sheltered him as a boy; just as tho a cruel Fate would have it so. Poor fellow!"

Just like a true woman, she was feeling pity toward this man who in the days gone by would possibly have deceived her with his specious plea of love, only that the mask was torn from his face while under the influence of strong drink

"Have you ever known yourself to walk in your sleep, Miss Janice?" I asked her; and she immediately looked hurriedly up at me, wonder in her blue eyes

"Why, no, not that I can remember," she quickly replied; "but whatever could influence you to ask such a question as that, Mr. Jasper?"

I laughed, as tho it was a matter of small importance after all, and that my query had been induced by curiosity more than anything else; for I shrank from allowing her to know that it was even suspected she might be associated in some way with the tragedy of the night.

"Oh! nothing, only that some time during the night you went past my door, clad in your kimono, and looking so like a ghost that any one given to superstition might have really believed he was gazing on a pretty phantom; only the fact of your carrying a lighted candle would have hardly been in keeping with ghostly customs!"

At any rate, the cat was now out of the bag, and I flattered myself I had up to that point been enabled to advance my purpose without in any way compromising my informant, Richard.

She laughed a little when I stopped speaking; and you can never know just what a sincere feeling of relief that soft sound of merriment meant to me. I immediately realized some sort of explanation was coming, that must sweep suspicion into the discard.

"Oh! I hoped no one would be disturbed; and in fact, until you spoke I did not dream I had been seen going on my strange errand To tell the truth, I was taking the part of hospital nurse just then."

"Some one was sick, you mean, Miss Janice, and you were on the way to play the role of angel of mercy?" I questioned, cheerily, thinking how relieved poor Richard must feel when he learned of this fact.

"Well, I hardly deserve such a dignified name, I'm afraid, Mr. Jasper," she continued, still smiling, to my great satisfaction, for I liked not to see, that former look of suffering on her sweet countenance; "for, after all, it was such a little thing. You see, one of our maids, Katy, has had a cold in the muscles of her back, and I promised her that if she would wait up for me I would fetch a healing plaster, and fix it on the part that pained her. Would you believe it, I forgot all about the poor thing until I chanced to awaken, after having been asleep more than an hour. And then, ashamed of my neglect, I went up to her room, and found her bundled up in a blanket, yawning, and wondering what could be keeping me so long. I only hope that it will make her feel better in the morning; and in some way I must make up for my forgetfulness, because she is a good girl, and very fond of me."

"I have no doubt of that, my dear.' I said, with the freedom of an elderly man, and a friend of her new father "She would be a strange girl not to love you for your warm heart and generous nature. But the mystery of your flitting about the halls at dead of night, bearing a candle, and looking so like a ghost, has been laid once and for all. I am glad that you do not walk in your sleep."

Still there was further matter that I was curious to determine. Leaning toward her in casual seriousness, I recalled to her that we might expect the police at any moment.

"To save you, Miss Janice, the annoyance of telling of your movements to them in person, as we are all bound to do, I suggest that you come into the library and write out just what you have told me. I will then take charge of it and you will be bothered no further."

After the first curious look she willingly arose and went with me to the Judge's great secretary in the library and there with pretty precision wrote out her innocent story.

When she had finished she sighed, "There!" and blotted it vigorously, then handed it to me

I glanced at it casually as I folded it to put it in my pocket. It was a fine, precise Spencerian script. I smiled at her with a kind of joyous relief

Altho I did not think it wise to say so, there were other reasons why I felt pleased that Janice was able to give such a satisfactory explanation of her presence in the hall after we had all retired

And I knew that there was another who would be exceedingly thankful that her being abroad could have no possible connection with the happening down in the long living-room where we had found the stark body of young Oscar Pangborn—yes, and taking pity on his misery, I was determined to let Richard know the successful result of my cross-questioning at the earliest possible moment

Well, it was a good thing to clear away some of the cobwebs that had been obscuring my mental vision; but on the whole I could not say that I was now any nearer a solution of the dreadful puzzle than before.

True, I had cleared several people of suspicion, and apparently proved their complete innocence in the matter; but, after all, that was a negative triumph. Still I meant to continue my investigations, and press the affair to a logical conclusion

The young man had not come to this end by his own hand, or we would have found the weapon with which the deed had been committed somewhere about his person, or else in the room. Richard would have no reason to conceal the fact if he had been the one to discover the seeming burglar in the room with his employer's priceless collection and, after the manner of a loyal employe had defended the property of the Judge.

Judge Stormways, on his part, had not fired that revolver of his for weeks, and, moreover, would have even less reason than Richard to hide his work had he happened to disturb the midnight worker there.

And now I had just learned that Janice, against whom suspicion had seemed to point an evil finger, was absolutely absolved from all implication.

Well, who then could be guilty?

My hands were positively clear of the job, and there were only a couple of women servants in the house besides—girls who would never dream of coming downstairs in the night time, having too great a horror of ghosts, so I had been informed.

There was the gardener who had his room out in the stable; the chauffeur had also lived there in comfortable quarters until his sickness compelled his being taken to the Mountainside Hospital near Orange Mountains. If the mystery continued to tantalize me much longer I might be compelled to interview this man who took charge of the garden and find out whether he could have been connected with the tragedy in any way

This gave me something of a reason to mentally figure out how such a thing lay within the range of possibility. I did not know the man, and he may have been approached by the wily Oscar and paid to be his companion in the raid on the collector's treasure-trove.

Of course, that would imply that young Pangborn knew all about the new tenants in the mansion, which was just contrary to the belief I entertained.

My next intention was to pass into that other room again, and do a little further looking around before the police arrived.

Just then Richard and the Judge made their appearance, and knowing that I could now leave Janice in their charge, I stepped swiftly over to the connecting door and passed from the library into the large living-room. I saw Richard follow me with an eager look on his face, and I could easily guess what thought was in the boy's mind, for he must have judged that I had already found my chance for a little communion with Janice.

Once I had gently closed the door, I looked around.

This, no doubt, was the favorite apartment of the Pangborn family years back, when all the children were at home. The fireplace was a mammoth one; indeed, I do not know when I ever saw one of such size outside of a real old country farmhouse, or over in England, where the yule-log ceremony is still in vogue during the holiday season.

I stood for a minute over the still form on the floor trying to figure out in my mind just about how Oscar must have been standing when the fatal shot was fired.

I already knew that he had received the fatal bullet in his chest from the front, and this would signify that he must have been facing his assassin. Doubtless as he gave utterance to that frenzied shriek, upon feeling the sudden shock, he had whirled around and fallen on his face on the floor. Death had been almost instantaneous so that he could not even have turned over again but became rigid there, just as we found him.

I made it a point to pass around to every window in the room, so as to examine them, and found that not a single one was open. Indeed, they seemed to be secured with some sort of strange fastening that really baffled my skill to undo, a fact that surprised me not a little.

As the unknown could never have passed out of a window in this room, and secured it after him again, it looked very much as if he must have entered from below stairs and, perhaps, departed in the same manner, after the tragic happening that was to save the curio collector's treasure

Perhaps, startled by what he had done, the assassin had run from window to window, trying to unfasten one so that he might leap out, and then, hearing some of us moving about above, in his

(Continued on Page 29.)

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PUTTING PERKINS IN PICKLE

By Will Gage Carey

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THE trouble—long brewing—between Haroldson, the fictionwright, and his valet, Perkins, reached at length a state of acuteness where it seemed that a diverging of the road was inevitable; this notwithstanding the fact that each was dependent upon the other to a degree unbelievable.

Being a writer, somewhat temperamental and given to moods, Haroldson was perhaps not the easiest person in the world to get along with; but he always treated his valet kindly enough, even considerately. Somehow, however, an ever widening breach had opened between them. Each felt, secretly, that their association now was more or less a game; that a deciding showdown not only was on the way, but actually impending.

Perkins was an anomaly.

In England, where he had been held down to the strictest servility, he had been more than moderately content; in this country, given greater liberty and latitude, he was becoming more than moderately discontent. True, down in his heart, he felt a devotion, an admiration for Haroldson almost heroic, despite the old adage that no man is a hero to his valet. But a fancied slight, a hasty rebuke over some trivial matter (forgotten at once by Haroldson) had set the valet brooding. He never reached the point of hating the man he served; but somehow he itched to do him bodily harm and injury. He fancied that if only he could pummel him, beat him up—just once—well, after that he could go on serving him again with serenity and good grace!

This fanciful idea of the valet's became with him an obsession; he pondered over it by night and day. With the necessary strength to do something of the kind, perhaps, (they were of exact size, weight and build) he nevertheless quite lacked the required nerve.

Tho thoroly efficient and capable so far as his duties as valet were concerned, Perkins, thru his constant brooding, had become more or less a slacker. As a consequence Haroldson had about reached a decision to get a new valet; and his valet—to get Haroldson.

On a certain Wednesday night Haroldson, without informing his man where he was starting, made ready to go out, simply stating that in all probability he would not return until about 2 a. m. It was then 11 o'clock. Perkins bowed, brought a plaid cap, tan gloves, a cane, and helped Haroldson into a long, gray overcoat.

From his home, the fictionwright went at once to a Turkish bath just off Washington street.

He entered, deposited his valuables at the desk, and received his key. Five minutes later he went into the "sweat-room." The only other occupant, at the time, was a large florid individual, reclining back in a chair, his head wrapped in the folds of a cold towel, and his feet immersed in a tub of hot water. Tho in evident bad humor, he displayed an immediate eagerness to start a conversation—to which Haroldson, to pass the time, was by no means adverse.

"I sure got a raw deal tonight!" the corpulent gentleman began, adjusting the folds of his towel.

"So?"

"I sure did."

"How was that?"

"Well, the referee slipped us the old raspberry!"

"I don't quite follow you."

The other wiggled his pink toes in the hot water.

My name's Murphy," he went on, "Jim Murphy. I've got a string of fighters over in Seattle. I brought over a heavyweight to go six rounds with Tom Louttit at the Multnomah Athletic Club——

"I see."

"I just come from the club now."

"How did your man come out?" Haroldson queried, mildly interested.

"Rotten; the referee called it a draw. That guy is straight—like a dog's hind leg!"

"Then—it wasn't a draw?"

"If that mix was a draw then I'm a Duke."

Haroldson smiled encouragingly, but made no comment. The resentful one resumed:

"My battler had the other guy in his pocket all the way."

"In his pocket, eh?"

"Why, sure; only way Louttit could get a glove to my boy was thru the mail; an' that referee sure booted me for a field goal. Team work is great stuff, I say—except in a prize fight. Potatoes au gratin is all right, but I like my fights served different, see! An' the next time I bring Mauler Mallory over here, I'm sure goin' to pack our own referee——"

An attendant entered and removed the towel from the speaker's glowing brow. "Steam-room's ready, Mr. Murphy," he said.

The large man got up and started ponderously toward a door at the side. As he was about to make his exit, he turned a very red and indignant countenance toward Haroldson, remarking by way of general summing up:

"Raw—raw is what I'd call it; an' that referee is as pleasant a guy to meet as a puma with the dyspepsia!"

He passed on thru, slamming the door behind him.

Having been heated to the required perspiratory state, Haroldson was laid out upon a marble slab, rubbed and massaged, after which he partook of a cold shower and a plunge in the pool. When he came out of the water, and was rubbed and dried to a condition of glowing warmth, he was conducted to a little cot in the rear, inclosed by linen sheets used for curtains. Here he was tucked in comfortably, and almost immediately fell into dreamless, restful slumber.

He had been asleep for perhaps half an hour, when he awakened with the sound of voices in his ears, low, muffled, yet plainly audible. The conversation came from the little partitioned room adjoining his own. He recognized the voice of the man now speaking; it was that of Mr. Jim Murphy, fight promoter of Seattle. Haroldson could only remain passively inert, and listen.

"Now, let's see if I've got you right on this thing," the big man was saying. "The long an' short of it is you want to hire my heavyweight—Mauler Mallory—for an hour's work tomorrow night?"

"Yes, sir; exactly so." There was a familiar tone to the second man's voice.

"What time?"

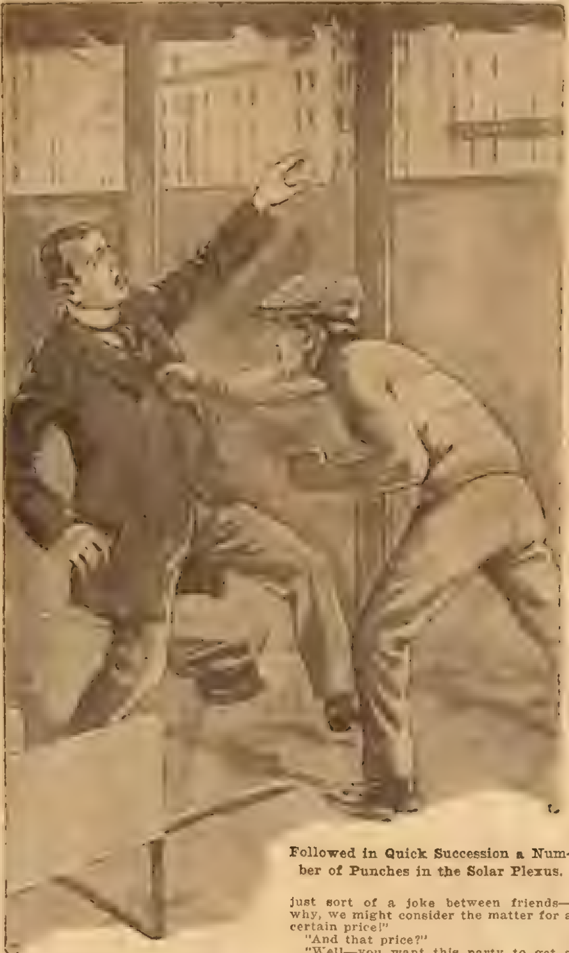
"Say—eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty."

There was silence for an interval, the promoter evidently in deep thought. At length he resumed:

"I don't think much of the idea, my friend. What you want him for? Now, you know there ain't any rough stuff goes with us——"

"What I require," responded the other, placidly, and Haroldson knew now that it was no other than Perkins, "may come under what you term 'rough stuff'—but not dangerously rough—that is, not criminally so, understand."

"Well. what do you want?"



Followed in Quick Succession a Number of Punches in the Solar Plexus.

"I want to have a certain party beaten up!"

"Can't you do it?"

"Possibly; I prefer seeing it done."

"'Safety first' with you, hey?"

"Not exactly that; satisfaction first, with me."

"Where would this little meeting you plan come off?"

"On the street."

"What! It couldn't be done."

"I know that it could."

Again an interval of silence, and the promoter resumed.

"If it is nothing more than you say—just sort of a joke between friends—why, we might consider the matter for a certain price!"

"And that price?"

"Well—you want this party to get a good beating, hey?"

"Yes—but not injured to any extent."

"I see; but even so, these things come high."

"I have a hundred dolla[illegible]

"It wouldn't interest us."

"I have two hundred dollars here which I will pay you for the job."

"That's better; now let's hear how things lay a little further, before I [illegible]

'The party I want to have your man Mallory—er, meet," explained the other, "is very regular in his habits and way of doing things. Tomorrow night—Thursday—he will spend at the Press Club. At exactly 12 o'clock he will come out of the club, and walk down Stark street to Fifth street, where he will take [illegible] car. Now, on Stark street, near Six[illegible] a building is being put up—a new bank building; and one passing along Stark street at this point will go thru a sort of tunnel; a wooden framework made to keep debris from falling upon pedestrians——"

"I see."

"Yes; it is in this tunnel—at midnight—that your man can bump into my party, start a quarrel—and beat him up, hurriedly and not too severely, understand? I will be near by; it will be worth the two hundred to me to see this thing done satisfactorily."

Promoter Murphy seemed to hesitate. 'Well, I don't think much of your plan," he said at length. "There is a slight fishy flavor to the affair that offends; still—two hundred bucks is two hundred! We might shake your party up slightly for that. Now, how is the Mauler to know for certain he has the right guy picked up to bump into, in that Stark street tunnel?"

"No trouble about that. The entrance of the club is but a little ways from this building going up—from the end of the tunnel. As I say, he will come out at 12, on the minute. He will wear a long gray overcoat, tan gloves, plaid cap and carry a cane. Isn't that all clear enough?"

"Should be, yes; and now—about the two hundred?"

"Here it is; I trust you; I will pay in advance."

Haroldson, raising a corner of the sheet-partition, saw the money paid over, and the conspirators shake hands on the compact.

"Now, another thing," spoke up the promoter, as his visitor turned to leave, "if anything turns up unexpected in the meanwhile, you must let me know!"

"Of course; a very excellent idea, sir."

"Then tomorrow night I shall remain in my room at the Louvre. If things get gummed, why send a messenger to me there."

"I will do so, sir." (Perkins was again falling into the ways and speech of a valet.) "I will send the message to you at the Louvre if it is necessary."

"An' that I may be sure it is from you, you will sign it——"

"With the one name—let me see—with the one word 'Picadilly,' sir; thank you. Good night, sir. I'll count on you for tomorrow night without fail."

"Without fail!" answered J. Murphy.

* * * * * * *

The following night Haroldson went to the Press Club about 9 o'clock, as was his custom. He wore a plaid cap, tan gloves, long gray overcoat and carried a cane.

Before leaving the house he went to his library, and got a small, leather-bound book; this he took pains to leave upon the dining-room table, as tho forgotten.

At 10:30 he called up Perkins, his valet, from the club.

"Perkins," he said, "I came away in a hurry tonight; I left a book I need on the dining-room table—a little leather-bound book. Bring it down to the club for me, please."

"Very good, sir," came the answer, "I'll bring the book at once."

Haroldson rang for a messenger boy; when he arrived he gave him a letter to deliver. The letter was written (rather, hastily scrawled) upon plain paper; it read:

> Mr. J. Murphy, Louvre Hotel:
>
> Please note these changes—they are important. Instead of 12 tonight, my party will leave Press Club at exactly 11 o'clock. Also, note carefully, he will wear instead of cap a black stiff hat; a short black overcoat instead of gray, as I had expected him to wear; and he left hurriedly without his gloves and cane. Noting these changes, and especially the fact that he will come out of the club precisely at 11, you can not make a mistake.
>
> PICADILLY.

He gave the messenger boy a substantial tip, and the parting instruction: "You say you brought that letter from over on the west side."

"I gotcha!" answered the boy, gleefully pocketing the coin, "I sure did come from the west side."

Perkins arrived at the Press Club (by taxi) at 10:50. He wore a short black overcoat, stiff hat and carried neither gloves nor cane. Admitted into the presence of Haroldson, he turned over the book to him, bowed deferentially, and turned to depart.

"By the way, Perkins," his employer called after him, "there was something I wanted to ask you!" The valet retraced his steps; Haroldson contrived skillfully to detain him for a few moments, without arousing suspicion; then he said: "By the way, Perkins——"

"Yes, sir."

"Si Rich keeps a brand of cigarettes I can't get here at the club—you know my kind——"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you would go and get me a package; it's just a little ways over there—straight down Stark, then up Sixth to Washington——"

"I know."

"That's all, Perkins; and hurry, please."

The valet left the club at the stroke of eleven.

* * * * * * *

This much could be said of J. Murphy, of Seattle: When he made a promise or an agreement, he stuck to it. Not without certain shortcomings (who of us are?) he was not a man who would have countenanced anything in the regular hold-up line. He had entered into this business with Perkins because he was in urgent need of that two hundred dollars—and because he believed it could be put thru without any especial harm (beyond momentary discomfort) to the party plotted against.

On receiving then, the letter signed "Picadilly" he at once changed his instructions to Mauler Mallory. As a consequence, that husky individual was waiting in the temporary tunnel on Stark street at precisely 11 o'clock; waiting for a man who would emerge from the Press Club wearing a short black overcoat and a stiff hat.

He found him.

Now, in a way, Mallory was a conscientious sort; he felt that it was up to him earn the fifty dollars he was to receive for his share in the proceedings; therefore, when the individual he awaited approached hurriedly along the darkened depths of the tunnel, Mallory bumped into him with a force which sent the lighter man reeling! This was followed quickly by a blow commonly known as an uppercut, which landed neatly, tho heavily, upon the chin of the astonished and now terrified valet. Followed then in quick succession a number of punches to the solar plexis which jarred the luckless individual considerably; then a drive to the face again which sent him sprawling upon the pavement.

Further activity on the part of Mauler Mallory was prevented by a gentleman who came running up from the west end of the tunnel; the Mauler made a hasty exit out the east end.

The new arrival—Haroldson himself—assisted his disheveled valet to arise, and began brushing off his clothes

"Lucky I came along after you, Perkins, ol' man! I happened to remember Si Rich is out of those cigarettes; we can get them across the street from there. What was it—a holdup? How are you, all right now?"

The valet began adjusting his coat and cravat.

"Thank you, sir—I am all right, I think; you—you are very kind, sir."

"Nonsense, Perkins!" Haroldson exclaimed genially. "I know this much, Perkins, you wouldn't stand by and see me beaten up? I guess not! No—and I wouldn't see you attacked either without coming to your aid. Now, I'll call a taxi for you; and you hurry home. If you find you're hurt, call my physician. I'll get those cigarettes myself and I'll drop in to see how you are, when I get home. Now—now—not another word Good night; and keep out of the dark places'"

Perkins, the valet, was an anomaly; the man he served, being a writer, was more or less hard to get along with at times. Anyhow, Perkins got two hundred dollars worth of satisfaction out of that deal with J. Murphy, tho not exactly as he had anticipated. He is happy and contented now; as is likewise Haroldson himself—possessing as he does the most faithful, loyal, capable valet in the city.

Sometimes it is better policy, and a matter of good judgment, not to tell your troubles to a policeman.

* * *

The Heritage.

"NO," REPLIED the man who was fond of foreclosing widows' mortgages, "I didn't buy any Liberty Bonds, for the simple reason that I could get a higher rate of interest by investing in other things and the mazuma is what we're all after, I guess. You owe it to your family to make all the money you can. It will come handy. I don't want my children to grow up and think me contemptibly mean in not leaving them a little more money so that they wouldn't have to go without the things that other people have and take a back seat and wish they were somebody else's children——"

"Enough of that bunk," interrupted the man who had been selling Liberty Bonds. "When you start talking about children or dogs you are talking about something that I'm posted about. And I'm here to tell you that neither children nor dogs ever wished they belonged to somebody else, I don't care how much that somebody else may have in the bank or in the ground or piled up in architectural display. They know down in their hearts that they wouldn't be altogether better off if they did belong to the rich plutocrats.

"They might get more to eat in the plutocrat's house and better things to wear, but they wouldn't be as happy and they wouldn't be as important. In the plutocrat's house no one is of any importance except the plutocrat himself The costly pup has to have his hair curled and his claws manicured, so he will look nice on the parlor rug, and the kids are merely Mr. Pluto's children. They eat when Pluto gets ready and they daren't bark or kick up a row any time of the day or night.

"But with the parent in the patched trousers it is different. He thinks of his kids and his dog first and looks at things from their point of view. The parent in the patched garment is considerate and unselfish and wherever you find a considerate and unselfish man you find somebody—man, woman, child, dog, cat or chicken—who is happier and better off for his presence. He can give them little in the way of ornaments, but he will be mightily missed when he has shuffled of this mortal coil, altho he leaves nothing behind but a Liberty Bond or so. Oh, yes, he will leave Liberty Bonds behind him, you may be sure of that!"

"By what sort of a miracle does he get bond money out of an empty purse?" inquired the man who was fond of foreclosing widows' mortgages.

"It is a common enough miracle," replied the man who had been selling bonds. "We can often get money where there is an empty purse but a full heart, but never yet have we been able to get money out of the fullest of purses where the heart is empty."

"Or the head," said the man who was fond of foreclosing widows' mortgages

* * *

Seen in Dreams.

"IT WAS a silly story the defendant told on the witness stand today," commented the court reporter, "The idea that he dreamed the combination of the safe is absurd. Dreams aren't evidence."

"Are you sure?" inquired the old lawyer. "As a matter of fact, there are many authentic cases which should confound the man who insists that dreams aren't evidence.

"There was an instance out in Utah some years ago. A wealthy and prominent citizen suddenly disappeared. One day he was walking around town talking politics with the boys, and the next there was no sign of him. Some time passed, and still he was missing. Then another prominent citizen announced that he had dreamed a strange dream. It had been revealed to him while he was asleep that the missing man had been murdered and buried in a certain field near town.

"It seemed an absurd thing to do, but certain friends of the missing man went to the place indicated and began to dig, and found the body. The victim had been slain by a lumber dealer who owed him money and who was being pressed for payment.

"The enterprising lumber dealer was in consequence backed against a stone wall and shot

"One of the most celebrated criminal cases in England is known as the red barn mystery. There was a damsel named Maria, who was in love with a young yeoman named William Corder. One day he called at her home and took her away, saying he was going to marry her, an event she had devoutly wished for a long time. Her parents saw her go away on the young man's arm and wished her many happy returns of the day, and that was the last they ever saw of the living Maria.

"At times they received letters from William, and he always assured them that Maria was well and happy, but there always was some reason why Maria herself couldn't write. She had a sore hand, or the rheumatism, or something

"It must be remembered, to appreciate the facts, that Maria's parents had no suspicion that anything had happened to her. So when the mother announced, one morning, that she had dreamed Maria's body was buried in an old red barn some miles away the father attached no importance to it, but advised her to eat less pie before going to bed

"However, the same vision came to the mother night after night. It finally took such a hold of her that she insisted upon an investigation. No ridicule could move her, so finally an officer was summoned, and with some of the neighbors he went to the old building known in the neighborhood as the red barn and they tore up the floor and began digging. And there they found the body of the unfortunate girl. She had been slain.

"Meanwhile William had prospered He had married a spinster who was at the head of a successful school and he loafed around in purple and fine linen, while his wife kept him supplied with pocket money. One morning when he sat down to a princely breakfast he was informed that a gentleman wished to see him on urgent business in the hall. The gentleman was an officer, who took him from his luxurious surroundings to a bleak and insanitary jail, and there he remained until he was turned over to the genial executioner."

* * *

An Expert.

A GOVERNMENT press censor was talking about the German press censorship.

"We found on some prisoners, recently," he said, "the German censorship's latest prohibition. Prominent among these was an order to the press not to mention under any circumstances the growing use in Germany of dog flesh for food.

"That prohibition reminds me of a story—a story that may contain a lot of truth.

"A German prisoner, the story runs, was rebuked by a sergeant for the sloppy way he was feeding and looking after some Red Cross dogs.

"'I guess you think you know a lot about dogs,' the sergeant sneered.

"'Yes, sir, that's right,' said the prisoner, 'for let me tell you, sir, I've been cook in a Berlin restaurant for the last two years.'"

* * *

A Canny Scot.

SANDY and John were sitting in a car when a pretty girl got in and smiled at the former. He raised his hat.

"Do you know her?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, yes, very weel," the Scot replied.

"Well, shall we go and sit over beside her, and then you can introduce me?" asked his companion.

"Wait a bit," returned the canny Scot. "She hasna paid her fare yet."

* * *

Not Acquainted.

THE day after the second draft quota had reached Camp Devens a rookie strolled into camp after dark. As he was going past a sentry, he was challenged.

"Who goes there?"

"Machine gun 301," answered the rookie.

"Advance to be recognized."

"Aw, you don't know me. I've only been here a coupla days."

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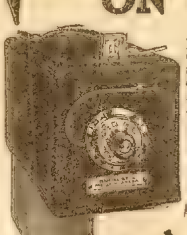

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Jas. H. Hubbard, Penhook, Va.

Anyone Can Use Them

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Mrs. R. U. Iddings, Malpleton, Ia.

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I am enclosing pictures taken with my "Mandel-ette" to show you gentlemen what I am making. Nobody taught me but your Instructions. I am making pictures with great pleasure and my friends are amazed at your very high grade minute camera.
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Concluding Installment of

The Avenger on Helgoland

By Frank E. Channon

Read This First!

A BRITISH destroyer has rescued the lamp-tender of the Helgoland light station from an overturned dory in the North Sea, and the authorities have held him prisoner with a view to finding some one enough like him to impersonate him and so act as a spy on that island. They find such a one in Allison Kerr, an American, who, despondent over the loss of his wife at sea thru the torpedoing of an Atlantic liner, courts death and a chance to smash back at the Huns. Kerr is dropped overboard 1,500 yards from Helgoland and swims the intervening distance to the island, where he succeeds in passing himself off as the missing lamp-tender. He has instructions to get in touch with another English spy on the island, known as Weiss. Making a survey of the island, Kerr observes signs of activity in the fleet. On the same day he and Weiss discover each other. That night they meet at the base of the island in a washout, whence they flash signals to a British patrol, conveying the information that, on the next night, a squadron of German destroyers will raid the British coast at Newcastle-on-Tyne. As a result of this message, the German squadron is waylaid by British battleships and badly cut to pieces. In the same way, a day or two later, Kerr and Weiss signal the British patrols, warning them of a German air raid. Returning from this rendezvous to his quarters in the lighthouse, Weiss is caught by sentries and held as a spy.

The above will enable you to go on with this exciting story. Back copies containing the earlier chapters can be obtained from our agents or newsdealers or thru our office. The story began in Ledger No. 19, May 11th.

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FOREBODINGS of coming trouble settled fast upon Kerr. "Looks like squalls ahead," he muttered, pawing over the contents of his private drawer, all of which showed unmistakable evidence of having been closely inspected. "Unless I'm mistaken the beggars think they have something on me." He smiled, grimly. What was that O'Neil had said to him a few weeks ago (it seemed a few years)—something about there being some other way of letting German lead into one's brain besides standing in a sloppy trench to receive it? Again Kerr smiled. "Let her come," he growled; "I'm ready. I'm——" He hesitated a moment. "Am I, tho?" his thoughts continued. Somehow, somehow things looked different from what they had appeared that night in O'Neil's study. All the bitterness over his wife's death continued, but life seemed to offer more to him than it had that night. Then, he could have walked without a tremor to his chambers and shot the lead into his brain. Now, he was commencing to feel like fighting against it. There was an element of chance in it now, and all the sportsman in Kerr came out to meet it. He would give them a run for their money yet.

But Weiss—it was too bad about him. If only there was some way of getting into communication with him; if only he could find out how matters stood.

He gazed out across the bare surface of the Oberland. Less than a dozen Taubes—all the older models—were parked where but yesterday were over a hundred. He could not see the sands and the Zeppelin sheds, but he knew that they, too, were empty.

"There's a big surprise coming to 'em, no matter which way the cat jumps here," he muttered. "A big surprise, confound 'em."

He set about the work of cleaning up the great auxiliary lamp, maintaining a careful survey of the space below. The rain had ceased; the sun commenced to dominate the land and seascape

It was after 10 o'clock when he closed the door of the cage, and stepped out to test the current. All worked well. He cast himself into a chair and looked the apparatus over. As he did so, a step sounded on the stairs. A moment later there was a knock on the door

"Come in," called Kerr.

A tall figure in the uniform of the Imperial German Air Service entered Very little of the stranger's face was to be seen; the close-bound headgear and the goggles pushed back over the forehead, shading the eyes, permitted only a partial vision of the man's countenance.

The man closed the door and walked rapidly across to Kerr.

"Know me?" he demanded.

Kerr half sprang from his seat: "Weiss," he whispered hoarsely. "How—"

"Sh—" breathed the Britisher. "Not a word. Listen! Slip into this. Put on these. Follow me and do just as I say. It's life or death for both of us, and seconds count. I'm Von Bursk, plane 19; you're my mechanic, Voidt. We leave immediately on business connected with the great raid. Stick this in your slit and if necessary use it. No matter what happens, don't be taken; die fighting—it's death to stay. Ready?"

He pushed into Kerr's fingers a service revolver, and flung an airman's headgear on the table. "Hurry," he urged. "Here are the goggles."

Without a word Kerr helmeted himself, while Weiss went on rapidly. "I'm going to collar one of the fliers, if I can, and get away. They're onto both of us. I was run in, but got out—explain later. They'll have you in less than thirty minutes if you don't bunk. Ready?"

"Ready," muttered Kerr.

"Lock the door after you and throw the key down the vent."

"Can you handle 'em?"

"Make a d—d big try; I've been up several times. When we get there, you climb into the observation seat."

They hurried off, Kerr locking the door and sending the key down the pipe. Two attaches of the station passed them as they went down the iron steps. Kerr knew them both, and nodded to them.

The two spies walked briskly across the intervening distance between the light station and the Taube parking. The sun was shining brilliantly now and the wind had dropped to a zephyr. Both men appeared indifferent, and they almost sauntered, as they neared the entrance

The crisis was at hand.

"Pass and business?" demanded the gray-clad sentry, stepping across their track.

Weiss fumbled in his tunic for an imaginary pass. "Pshaw!" he muttered. "Left it at the quarters. Go back for it, Voidt—wait—wait a moment," he added. "He'll just help me run her out, then he shall go and get it. We're in a hurry this morning; have to get away in ten minutes. Come on, Voidt."

The sentry hesitated. Weiss' manner was autocratic and dictatorial.

"D—n it, don't you know me? Captain Von Bursk?" thundered Weiss, turning on the sentry, savagely

"My—my orders——" stammered the man.

"Orders—h—l! My man'll get the pass in a moment, blockhead, just as soon as he's run the bird out for me. Come on, Voidt."

They left the hesitating marine and hurried toward a solitary two-seated biplane, on whose great, yellow wings was painted a Maltese cross. All the newer Fokkers and battleplanes had gone.

"Sharp!" hissed Weiss. "Hit up the propeller and get in after me."

Two mechanics from an adjoining machine were approaching them. One of them saluted Weiss, then started forward, scrutinizing him sharply. Weiss was already in his seat and strapping himself in. The "burr-burr-burr" of the planes sounded as Kerr set them going. The great duck jolted and spun forward along the level turf, as Kerr climbed in behind. The whirl of the screws increased. The Taube arose and skimmed the turf.

"Strap yourself in," yelled Weiss. "Lower your goggles."

"Halt!" yelled one of the mechanics, racing toward them.

The outwitted sentry brought his rifle to his shoulder, half hesitatingly. He yelled something to the mechanics, and all three stood for a second or so, gazing uncertainly at the fast-rising machine. It soared up and away like a pigeon from a trap, gathering speed with every fraction of a second.

It was Kerr's first experience in a plane, and the earth seemed fairly to drop away from him. It all happened with such startling rapidity, he scarcely sensed it.

"Bend over low!" he heard Weiss, in front of him, shout, and almost with that shout came the report of a rifle; then another, then three almost instantaneous shots, as the sentry let go his magazine.

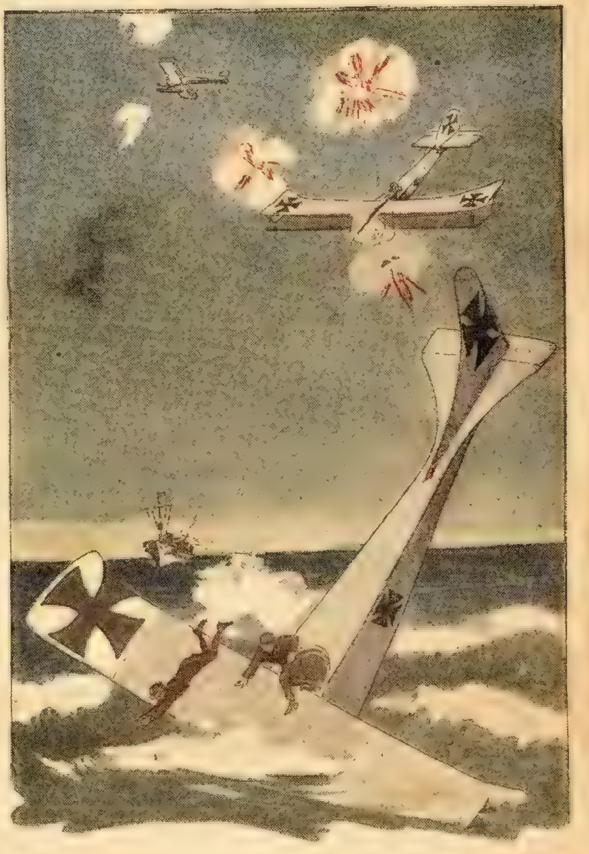
The Taube veered over and Kerr saw two bullet rips in her port wing. He was amazed to discover the blue waters were already beneath them and falling away with dizzying rapidity. The whirl of their propeller was punctuated by a steady stream of explosions.

"Is the tank hit?" yelled Kerr.

"God knows, sounds like it. She's still climbing. Anything after us?"

"Don't see anything."

The old Taube climbed steadily into high altitudes. Already the island was but a vision far behind, and presently the ocean below was completely blotted out by a dense carpet of clouds, thru which the brilliant sun endeavored in vain to pierce.



Springing Clear, They Dived Into the Waves and Disappeared From Sight.

"Barring spills, we've a fine fighting chance," cried Weiss. "Bah Jove, old man, a bally close shave, tho. I made sure our tank was punctured. Soon as they get the alarm out they'll chase us. Too bad getting this old duck; all their fast ones gone, tho. Couldn't find a Fokker near us. We've beaten the field, tho—left 'em at the post." The Englishman laughed with boyish glee.

"How in thunder did it all happen?" demanded Kerr.

In short, jerky sentences the Britisher told his story.

"Nabbed me getting away—after you left me last night. Nearly got by sentry—bad luck—officer came 'long—insisted me going to guardroom. Beggars searched me. Had last two sketches of new gun positions over the area. They fished 'em out—game was up. Ran me in. Court-martialed me immediately. Bah Jove, looked bally rotten for me. Sentry who met us coming 'way from cliffs turned up. They smelt fish. Gunned thru your place up to tower; pretty well tumbled to everything. Fellow who runs this machine came to see me—Captain Von Bursk. Bah Jove, that was creamy. Told me he had it on both of us and urged confession. I listened very close in, kidding I was a little deaf. Caught him off his guard with a right on point of chin. He went down like a rock; inside of two minutes I was in the beggar's togs and walking out like the Prince of Siam, leaving the chap locked up where I had been. One thing I overlooked; he hadn't his flier's badge with him; that nearly wrecked us later on. I came hot-footed for you and—well—there you are, old man."

"Well," muttered Kerr. "Well."

"Deucedly neat, eh?"

The sun burst thru the banks of clouds beneath, and the churning North Sea reached out below. The breach widened; the clouds broke up into massive divisions, and then subdivided into detachments, and presently all was clear—a vast expanse of indigo, looking, from the great elevation of the birdmen, transparent and shimmering. Around them solitude and loneliness, broken only by the whirl of the propellers, and the short, explosive exhaust of the engine.

The wind was freshening, and met them in short, freaky little gusts that caught the plane and lifted it erratically in a rolling motion, like a catboat buffeted by cross winds. Kerr was conscious of a decidedly squeamish feeling about the region of the stomach, but a sense of elation—a sort of champagne effervescence—pulsed thru him.

He surveyed the horizon, then swept either flank, and turned around for a backward sweep. His hand went to his goggled eyes in an intent gaze, his vision fixed on three tiny spots afar off.

"Chased, by G—d!" he exclaimed.

"Eh?" demanded Weiss, anxiously from in front.

"Let her go for all she's worth," calmly instructed Kerr. "There's three of the beggars after us."

Weiss scarcely took his eyes off the wheel, as he demanded: "How far?"

"Way off yet."

"Above or below?"

"About level, I guess."

"All serene," growled his companion, calmly. "Keep your eye on them, old man. Let me know if they try to get up high and if they gain on us."

There was silence for a few minutes, then the American called: "They're gaining on us and soaring slightly."

Instantly Weiss' planes were deflected and the Taube commenced to crawl up into the silence. "There's something wrong with this duck. She's kicking and I can't get full power out of her. She shouldn't explode like that," he complained.

"Suppose they've winged us?" suggested Kerr.

"Twice; but they've tanked us, too, I'm afraid. That's what makes her buck so She's dropping her petrol."

"Plug it," was Kerr's suggestion.

"What the devil with?" asked the Britisher, blankly.

For answer, Kerr hooked his finger inside his mouth and brought forth a daub of sticky substance. "Here," he instructed, "solder that in—chewing gum If that isn't enough, I've got more in my pocket I can soften up."

The Britisher laughed uproariously, as he gleefully seized the proffered delicacy, and reaching forward, sought for the escape. "Takes one of you Yanks for ingenuity—who but a Yank would have thought of that? Good as soft Tommy. Two holes right thru the hood and into the tank; bally close shave for the engine."

"They're closing on us fast now," warned Kerr. "I can make out the spread of wing on the front one. Hit up the pace, old man."

"It's up to the limit now. This is one of their older doves; it can't climb or travel like the new machines." He still climbed up at a sharp angle. "The question is," he drawled a moment later, "how much petrol have we lost and how much have we left?"

"What's our speed?" asked Kerr.

"Forty—forty-two most of the time. It's about the best I can get out of her. I'm laying a course north by northwest still. Tell me if you notice any inclination for them to work to west of us; they mustn't cut us off."

"We're higher, but they're gaining on us. They appear to be stringing out some now—yes, two of them are tailing off, but the first one comes like greased lightning—climbing, too; getting up to us."

"Take my revolver; have it ready with your own. I'll try to keep above him if I can, and if he comes on alone we may get a crack at him and wing him."

"The first two are tailing off the third one," cried Kerr. "Pull around more to the west; they're working in on us"

The Taube veered in. The engine was skipping alarmingly now.

"What ails her?" shouted Kerr.

"I'm devilish afraid the tank's nearly empty," admitted Weiss. "Your plug's holding well; we must have lost it before."

The erratic work of the engine and the lessening speed of the plane was fast permitting the pursuers to come up.

"The last one's gaining on us, too, now," bellowed Kerr. "He's swinging out on the other side above."

The Britisher swore. "D—n it! I'd like to have a crack at 'em, but we've no chance up here; better get down while there's time."

"Down where, into the sea?" demanded Kerr, grimly.

"Only place I know of," serenely responded Weiss, acting immediately and elevating the planes.

The Taube swooped seaward in long drives, as her pilot sent her down, then steadied her in a series of rapid descents. The three pursuers climbed up over her. Already the foremost one was almost directly above. In a series of masterly curves he commenced to come down, like some great eagle in pursuit of its prey. His two slower mates were rapidly coming up with him.

All power was now lost aboard the escaping one; she was descending by gravity only. Kerr, gazing up from under the port wing, saw a tiny wisp of vapor far above them; a few seconds later the report of a rifle was borne down to them. Another, another followed, and the lead cut thru both wings close up to the wheel, snapping a stay wire.

The Englishman sent his machine down in a last desperate swoop, Kerr leaning out and firing back viciously. By a lucky shot he might be able to put their engines out of commission.

Like an explosion came an exclamation from Weiss "By G—d! What craft are those below—look, far out to starboard!"

Kerr's eyes followed the outstretched hand of his companion.

A couple of miles away to starboard two long vessels, almost indistinguishable from the heaving waters, were tearing along towards them.

"Destroyers!" gasped Weiss.

"British or German?" yelled Kerr

"Can't see yet—Oh, yes, by G—d, they're ours! British! Hip-hip-hip! Come on, you devils, now! Come on!" jeered the Britisher, fairly carried away with a great enthusiasm from his habitual repose.

But the game was not all over yet The three German aircraft had now come up, and flying low, they sailed in close to the fugitives, letting go with their revolvers at close quarters. Kerr had exhausted his chambers, and could only crouch low and endeavor to show as little as possible of his person

But now a new factor came into the game. With the roar of an express train and the shriek of a demon a three-inch shell tore over their heads and exploded close under the leading German.

"Drop—drop low and let them have plenty of room," shouted Kerr, as, with a final swoop, the Taube approached the surface of the ocean.

"Kick yourself clear as we drop'" yelled Weiss

The next second both men scrambled out of their confinement, and springing clear, dived into the waves and disappeared from sight. The Taube came down a second or so later, floating on the surface like a wounded duck.

Both men came up almost together, and both made for the wrecked plane, spitting out the brine.

One of the destroyers had ranged up almost alongside them. A gig was swung out, the crew piled into her and pulled away for the floating bird-men. The rescuing destroyer presented a most curious appearance as it steamed slowly in.

"Regular spotted Dick," spluttered Weiss, hanging on comfortably to the spread of the plane.

Singular, indeed, was the picture the destroyer presented, all spotted up with sea green and whitish gray that merged her completely into the swell of the waves. Even lying close in as she was, she gave the impression of steaming at a fast clip, the very bow wave being realistically depicted.

Evidently the fire from the destroyers had been too severe for the German planes, for all three had risen to a great height out of harm's way. It was evident, too, that they had started on the pursuit without bombs, for none fell.

In less than two minutes the two soaked airmen were lifted into the gig. The middy in charge, judging from their uniforms, supposed them to be Germans, and addressing them in that tongue, requested their revolvers.

"All serene," drawled Weiss, in aristocratic English, "no objection, I'm sure. It's not mine; just borrowed the thing for the trip, you know."

Kerr handed his over without a word.

"What were you shooting at each other for?" inquired the little boy-middy, unable to restrain his curiosity

"Merely practice, I assure you, old chap," explained Weiss, with a wink at Kerr.

The lad gazed in some wonderment. "You speak English deucedly well," he half complained.

They ranged in alongside the destroyer and boarded it, the Lieutenant-in-charge coming forward to receive them. The middy saluted his superior and handed over the revolvers of the two supposed Germans. "They both speak English, sir," he reported.

"Hope you'll take my cabin aft and make yourself at home; we're rather cramped here for room, but we'll make you as comfortable as possible," the officer promised. "We run into Grimsby tomorrow," he added.

"How is the old fishtown? Haven't seen it for a couple of years," said Weiss.

"Quite well, I thank you, sir," retorted the Englishman, bowing stiffly. "Quartermaster, see that the two prisoners are comfortable aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I'd like some Spanish sherry and Turkish cigs," was Weiss' cool request, as he sauntered away.

"Sorry, but we've no sherry aboard. I'll see if I can dig up some cigs," said the officer.

"All serene, Bass will do, then, or some Guinness," airily retorted Weiss.

Kerr was grinning broadly.

"Look here——" began the Lieutenant, taking a step after them. Then he stopped, gazing into Weiss' features. "You're no German," he accused.

"Never said I was," drawled that gentleman.

"But—but your uniform—your Taube—your——"

"Cawn't quite make it out, eh, bah Jove."

The officer scrutinized Weiss' face more closely. "Why, why, I've seen you somewhere—somewhere. Where?" he puzzled. A light shone in his eyes. "Why, I know. You're Sir Wilbur Crane-Willoughby; I met you once or twice at my uncle's box in Gloucestershire two years ago."

"Good guess Lieutenant Norris. Delighted, I'm sure. Permit me: My friend and fellow voyager, Mr. Allison Kerr, from somewhere in the States. D—n good chap, all right. Lieutenant Norris. Mr. Kerr. By the way, Lieutenant Norris, my only recollection of you at that shooting-box is that you made the smallest bag each day."

"I think," suggested the officer, "that explanations may be in order. Your memory is good, Sir Wilbur. I plead guilty; never could shoot. I will join you, gentlemen, in a minute or so in my cabin. Er—er—possibly, quartermaster, possibly, you might be able to dig up that bottle of sherry after all. See the steward."

That last thrilling rescue, the landing at Grimsby two days later, the trip to town, the visit to the Admiralty in company with Sir Wilbur Crane-Willoughby, the personal thanks of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the letter from the King, and the proffered but declined K. C. B.—all these events had crowded past Kerr in the last three weeks with the rapidity of the plot of a moving picture.

And now it was over. The hastily drawn sketches of the new Helgoland topography had been turned over to the authorities; the mass of knowledge they had absorbed in those memorable months had been imparted to the different bureaus. The triumph of their last desperately played card—the unearthing of the submarine and aircraft base on the Farns, with the subsequent capture of nearly a dozen underwater boats and their crews, had brought fame and rewards.

And now—now it was all over. The tremendous interest, the excitement, the human desire of triumphing—all these emotions and inducements which had separated Allison Kerr from his great trouble, and prevented him from dwelling upon it—all these had suddenly ceased to be. The bottom that had sustained him had dropped out, and left him high and dry, stranded, as on the day of that awful catastrophe that robbed him of his wife.

He was face to face with the great blank again, that void that nothing could fill, and as he realized it again now, sitting in his chambers in Bayswater, his head sank on his clinched fists, and he suffered as only a strong man can suffer.

"Oh, God," he groaned, "it were better, far better that I had not come out alive. Why was I spared?"

Then the calmness that had borne Kerr thru many a tight place came over him. "It's simply a case of 'status quo.' Things are as they were. I will take them up where I left them. There is no one in whom I can confide, now O'Neil has gone to the Tigris. All right, Helen; I am coming—coming to you. You will understand, tho no one else does."

He arose, crossed the room, and opening a small drawer, took out a silver-mounted revolver. It was an exquisitely finished weapon. His lost wife had given it to him one birthday years, years ago. How long? Why, it was only five next December. He remembered the circumstances as if they had happened only yesterday. It was after their trip thru the Yellowstone. God! how beautiful she had looked that morning at the breakfast table! He handled the little revolver lovingly, then, still gripping it in his feverish fingers, moved across the room to where her picture rested, and stood there looking into those eyes.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" he groaned. Then sank on his knees before her.

* * * * * * *

How long he remained there he did not remember. It might have been only minutes, it might have been hours, or even days, but something—something came to him there—a strength that is not of this world but from the great God who rules over all, the great God who

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understands frail human nature and all the temptations which assail it:

"Came the Whisper, came the Vision,
  Came the power with the need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul
  Was lent to us to lead."

Kerr rose slowly to his feet. He squared his shoulders and stood yet gazing into those eyes.

"Helen, Helen," he whispered almost inaudibly. "You have saved me. I will wait. I will wait till the time comes. I will wait patiently and work. I promise it."

Was it fancy? Did those beloved lips move? Did those dear features smile? Who may say? There is a multitude of inexplicable problems in this world. All Kerr knew was that the room was filled with a great peace; that he felt himself sustained by a great power; that he knew that for all time he had conquered the great temptation.

He would live. He would live and work. He would do his share in the world, and wait. Then presently—a few days, a few years, and he would be with her again.

He walked briskly over to the smoking-table and filled his briar. He was surprised to discover it was dark. The sun had been shining brightly when he first walked over to the cabinet. He rang for lights and ordered tea. There were three letters on the tray his man brought in, but he was in no mood to read them, and they lay unopened.

Presently Peter came in again, and removed the tray. "I'll leave the letters, sir," he remarked, as he placed them on the table.

"Give them to me," said Kerr, and methodically slit them. One was from his agent in New York, another an invitation, the third, in an ill-formed, scrawled hand, he did not recognize. He opened it, absently, and read:

> Dear sir: idoant now as this ere is meant fur you mayb it tis and mayb taint but it is the only adres as we can find on her and she only bin sensible this morn. So wen she sed as we was to send it i ses to me wife as i wood wich i bin and done and hopes as you will get it and as it is fer you. We picked her up nigh fore month ago and if it had not bin fer the doctor chap as was here we would leav as left her fer drowned, but he neer gave up till she com to all except her hed and that only com back this morn. If it is fer you you beter come down and see if her is yourn er not. Hopin as her is I remains Jerry Owens wat fishes and you takes the nite boat from Penzance to St marys and then comes across smiths sound to me tother side were I fishes most every day.

THE DREAMER

I planned to write so much, one day—
  A long, long story, duly done
But, when the sea wind came, to say
  A good-night to the sun,
I'd only gone a little way
  The road that I'd begun.

The story was unfinished still;
  The lazy pen unheeded lay;
The sun had left the little hill,
  And dusk was on the bay;
The tears came, I was so ashamed,
  That I had lost a day.

And that was a long time ago—
  But still I seem to see the way
The trees stood black against the glow,
  And hear the birds' trill, gay,
And yet I wasted all those hours—
  And yet I lost a day.

—MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Kerr read the singular letter thru as calmly as if it had been a business letter. Then he smoothed out the stained bit of paper inclosed. He knew it at once. It had been a leaf from his notebook. On it was inscribed: "In case of accident notify Allison Kerr (husband), care Capital and Counties Bank, London, England." The letter had been forwarded to him from his bankers.

The next moment he was across the room and ringing the bell.

"Peter," he ordered, briskly, "get me a Bradshaw. Pack my grip and have it ready for a two days' trip in ten minutes. Have a taxi at the door in thirty, understand?"

"Y-es, sir, Mr. Kerr, yes, sir, most certainly, sir," stammered the man, almost doubling from the room. "Them Americans do beat hall," he mumbled to himself, as he got outside.

The timetable was in Kerr's hands in two minutes, and he had figured out that he could catch the 11:16 from Charing Cross and connect perhaps with the boat at Penzance in the morning. He had an hour yet to spare.

When the 11:16 pulled out Kerr was snugly ensconsed in a compartment bearing the magic word: "Engaged," and Peter stood on platform No. 19 scratching his head. "Them Americans," he was still muttering, "they do beat hall."

The 11:16 is a fast express and it does the distance from Charing Cross to Penzance in five hours flat, but to Kerr it appeared the most laggard train that ever crawled. He scarcely dared trust himself to think. He tried to read, but all he succeeded in doing was to consume some three ounces of cut plug.

It was not yet light when the express drew into the station of the Pirate town, but Kerr rounded up a sleepy cabman and nearly undermined his reason by climbing into the box and taking over the reins.

"Hi'll—Hi'll—that is, Hi generally drives meself, sir, thank you, sir, and me fare hinside, sir, thank you," he mildly objected.

"I'll drive you now," announced the American, curtly, setting the old horse going at a pace that fairly startled him.

He slipped a sovereign into the palm of the old man, as he leaped down at the quay.

Some fishermen were running out their smacks. Several power boats were housed close in.

"Whom do they belong to?" demanded Kerr, pointing them out.

"Them's hall company boats, sir," came the slow reply.

"Look here," cried Kerr, "I want to get straight over to St. Agnes thru Smith's Sound, and find a fisherman named Jerry Owens; he lives on the far side. I'll pay twenty pounds to the man who gets me there first, and I don't give a hang if it's a company boat or any other darned boat. Who wants the job?"

"Twenty—twenty punds!" gasped the nearest man. "Twenty yellow boys—twenty on 'em. Wher be they, zur?"

"Right here," cried Kerr, pulling out a roll of clean, crisp Bank of England notes, "or," he added, "yellow boys if you prefer them." He clinked together a generous handful of sovereigns.

"You—you bain't a 'Un, be yer?" doubtfully puzzled the man.

"Hun nothing," roared Kerr. "I've got my knife into too many of that sort. If you've any around, trot 'em out and I'll show you. Come along now, if you want to earn your twenty pounds."

The men ran with considerable alacrity to a long power boat some way up the shingles, and commenced to push her out.

"Is there gas aboard?" demanded the practical Kerr.

"Gas—oh, aye, petrol, belikes yer means, zur. Aye. Filled her up just now. Are, zur, full up; nine hours' run at sixteen knots. 'Nuf ter take yer there an' back and once over 'gain."

Without another word Kerr stepped in, and in half an hour old Penzance Castle was a pin point far astern. The sun was just hauling up out of a cloudless sea, with scarcely a zephyr to ruffle the waters. Kerr was leaning eagerly forward watching the boat eat up the miles.

They passed St. Mary's to starboard at 8:30, and one hour later the grim lines of St. Agnes showed across Smith's Sound, purple and gold in the morning haze.

"Now, this 'ere Jerry Owens—I knows nothin' 'bout 'im, but belikes we can find 'im, zur," confided the man at the tiller.

"I'll take my oath we do," growled Kerr.

The motor boat puffed in noisily, and they made fast at a small landing-stage. Not a soul was about. Kerr leaped lightly ashore. "Wait here," he ordered, "until I return."

Two tiny wisps of blue showed a human habitation back of the cliffs, and the American made straight for it. A yellow dog ran noisily out from behind the trim box hedge, and challenged Kerr's right to enter, but the American kicked him aside and thumped upon the open door.

A woman, looking as if she had just stepped out from a picture of seventeenth century England, came to answer his call. She appeared to be overcome with amazement, but Kerr had small patience with anything just then.

"Jerry Owens, does he live here?" he demanded, lowering his voice.

The demand brought words to the woman's lips.

"Yes, zur; 'tis here he bides; 'tis his wife I be."

"You have a lady here—a lady picked up from the sea months ago. I have a letter here from your husband that tells me so. I want to see her. May I come in?"

"Come in, zur, an' 'tis welcome yer be. Little enough of folks do we see not to be asking 'em in when they comes."

"Where?" breathed Kerr, as he stepped inside.

"In the best room, zur. 'Tis where we'd put company and ladyfolk such as she be."

"Here?" demanded Kerr, standing before a closed door.

"Aye, in there, zur."

For one moment he hesitated. Then he softly pushed open the door and entered.

The good woman, peering in after him, saw him stride across the stone-flagged room. Saw the strange lady rise from her chair, stand, totter—and then the lady would have fallen had not the big American lifted her to him in a great embrace.

"Oh, Helen, oh, Helen!" the good woman heard him almost sob.

"My husband, my husband!" came an almost inarticulate whisper.

The fisherman's wife softly closed the door and slipped away.

The End.

* * *

Futile Scheme.

"MY WIFE always is annoyed if I don't bring home the paper so she can read 'Mamie and Hank,' or 'Handing It to Husband,'" observed the crass citizen.

"Indeed!" responded the perfect gentleman, arching his brows.

"Yes," continued the crass citizen, "but I don't see what she wants to read it for. It doesn't do any good. She knows she could never pull any of that 'Handing It to Husband' stuff on me. She has tried it and it doesn't work."

"Is it possible?" rejoined the perfect gentleman politely.

"Yes, all the women try it, and it never works in any circumstances. Mrs. Sweetnickle, the lady next door to us, tried it on her husband, and even she couldn't get by with it, altho she has been married only a few months."

"That's curious."

"It surely failed in this case," resumed the crude man. "Young Mrs. Sweetnickle gets tired of waiting for her husband to come home in the evening. She could stand being lonesome for him all day if he would only show up early in the evening. She gets the meal ready at the exact time he is supposed to show up and then runs to the front door every time a car stops.

"But Sweetnickle is one of these absent-minded fellows who get so absorbed in their work that they don't know how late it is. He never would come home if his wife didn't call him up by telephone and remind him of his duty and his dinner. One night Mrs. Sweetnickle decided not to call him. She would let him stick it out until he got ready and then come home and find her gone! So at 6:30 she came over to our house and stayed until 9 o'clock, waiting for hubby to come home and find her gone and tear his hair and seek her around the neighborhood.

"At 9 o'clock she could stand it no longer. She gave up and went home. Hubby met her at the door. 'Why, hello, dear,' he said. 'I was just coming after you.' 'Why didn't you come a couple of hours ago?' asked wifie. 'Oh, there wasn't any particular hurry,' responded hubby. 'I thought I would have a bath and a shave and do some other things first, and I cooked myself some dinner ——' 'Cooked yourself some dinner!' screeched wifie. 'Why, I left your dinner on the table!' 'So you did!' said hubby. 'Funny, I didn't notice it there!'"

"How absurd!" observed the perfect gentleman, flicking a bit of fluff from his coat sleeve.

* * *

She Looked Funny.

"THAT woman who just went out as you came in, Silas, is a well-meaning little creature, but she has less sense of humor than any of my sex I know."

"Why, Samanthy, I thought just the other way. If she lacked the quality you mention she wouldn't dress as she does."

* * *

As Usual.

"I WISH to inform you," said the lawyer, "that your wife has filed a bill for divorce."

"Oh, of course," responded the busy banker; "it's nothing but bills, bills, bills. How much is this one?"

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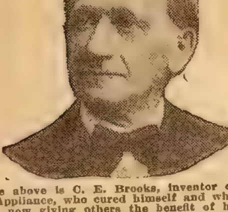

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often called the "iron duke," showed his courage and strong will at Waterloo when he helped defeat Napoleon. It takes greater courage, vim, vigor and lasting qualities to win the battle today, in the front-line trenches, than it did in olden times. Energy is a natural outpouring of a healthy body. It does not spring up in a night. Build up that which Nature has given us by taking a compound of iron, recently compounded by Dr. Pierce, and named by him "Irontic." This iron-tonic tablet is easily taken up by the blood.

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You Can't Tell From Their Looks

BY C. C. LYON.

THIS is the story of a "hard guy" and how he acted under German fire

"You can't tell from a fellow's talk what he will do in a pinch," an old captain had often remarked

So for a long time I had been watching and studying this "hard guy," claimed by himself and conceded by his comrades to be the toughest man in the regiment.

His nickname is Slasher—a reminder of Vera Cruz days, when according to his own stories he almost depopulated the male portion of a Mexican village with a sharp butcher knife after he had run out of ammunition.

"Honestly, I've killed so many of those greasers that I've lost track of the number," he told comrades. Just let me get a crack at those Huns. I don't want any of these long distance scraps. Hand-to-hand stuff for me"

Now, that's one side of this picture Here's the other:

A few days ago, when the regiment came out of the trenches and started for a rest camp in the rear, I met the outfit on the road and hiked along for some distance with the Slasher's company

"Well, the captain began, "that big wind-bag, Slasher, proved to be the worst coward and quitter in this entire company.

"He was scared to death from the minute he got within earshot of the firing

"The first thing I did this morning, when we got out of range of fire was to reduce him from sergeant."

Wearing the stripes of the top sergeant this day was a little pale-faced chap of about 20, who looked as if he had had a hot-house bringing up.

He had been pointed out to me one day as the boy who had cried before his fellows when the mail was being distributed and he had failed to get a letter from home His name was Artie

"Yes," said the Captain "I've made Artie top sergeant. My, how that boy did behave under fire. Wonderful'

"One night, under a hot machine gun fire, he went out into No Man's Land and brought back one of our boys who had been wounded on patrol duty

"And he captured two German prisoners single-handed the night he went over the top

"You can't tell from their looks or their talk what they'll do in a pinch.'

Songs Help Our Boys to Win

VICTORY depends not so much on supplies as it does on morale. The soldier who is cheerful never recognizes defeat. And nothing so cheers a man as songs and music. Hardly a Y. M. C. A hut or a Red Cross canteen lacks a piano, and some even have fine phonographs and records to amuse the soldiers in their leisure hours.

It seems, however, that our boys derive the greatest amusement from their own performances. The greater the part they themselves take in the entertainment, the better they like it. Every piano in the French war zone is overworked when the boys are on leave, and the sounds that emerge from the recreation rooms are proof positive that all the boys like to sing, regardless of what they thought about such activity before they left the States.

The most popular man in the company is the one who can sit down and play all the popular airs that the boys are familiar with It makes no difference in what key he plays them, or whether the bass notes are a trifle off, or whether he forgets a measure and fills in the break with music of his own invention. If he can carry the tune fairly well it's all they ask. And while he plays, the boys gather around the stove and sing the songs as he plays them. "Over There," "For Me and My Gal," "Good-by, Dolly Gray," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and hundreds of other popular songs in the States, as well as old standbys like "Suwanee River," "Kentucky Home" and "Hot Time in the Old Town" are prime favorites

Lung power is the thing. If the boys happen to be hoarse, they do their bit toward making the performance a success by keeping time to the music with their shoulders, or acting in the capacity of human drum or cornet

An Experiment That Failed

"IT'S THE end of the month," announced the father of the family suggestively.

"Oh!" murmured Caroline after a blank moment. "Is it?"

"It is," repeated her father. "Have you your accounts made out? I am interested in seeing how the plan of putting you on an allowance works."

"Oh!" said Caroline again. She looked annoyed. "Why—why, I didn't know I had to keep accounts! You said I'd have to plan my own expenditures—and—and things like that."

"How much," inquired the father of the family suavely, "have you left of your $25?"

"Left!" echoed his child indignantly. "Why, there isn't any left, of course! How can there be anything left from an allowance? It's to spend, isn't it? You said $25 was an awful lot, but it isn't! Why, you'd be surprised if you knew how little $25 is! Why, when the man said those kodak prints came to $3.35 I was so surprised I thought he was cheating me. Of course when I had to spend all that for films, when I didn't expect to, I knew you wouldn't want me to pay for those schoolbooks, so I just charged them. Oh, I don't know—one was 60 cents and another $1.50, and I didn't ask about the rest. I think things have gone up awfully since I've had to pay for everything. Why, when you let me go to the club and charge my lunch when I was downtown I know I never paid 50 cents for a sandwich. And as for lobster——"

"Lobster!" shouted her father "Wh—what—where——"

"Why," said his child, "Harriett took me to the matinee and, of course, I asked her to go to lunch beforehand, and when you ask a person to lunch you have to give them something nice to eat, don't you? I always have when I've taken her to your club and charged it—so we had lobster and caviare and coups St. Jacques and a lot of things—and the waiter gave me a check for $4.75! Did you ever hear of such robbery? Why, I am sure things are lots cheaper at your club! Of course I shouldn't have ordered so many things if I hadn't had company.

"And then I had to invite Harriett back, so I took her to the matinee the next week, and I forgot to get the tickets till the day before, and they were all gone. You can't take company up in the balcony, and she was all invited, so there wasn't anything to do but get box seats. And I got a box of candy and the boy handed me out a five-pound one instead of the one pound I'd asked for—and, of course, I couldn't make a fuss before Harriett, so I had to take it.

"She had her new spring hat on and it was raining when we came out, and I had forgotten to bring my umbrella, and Harriett knew I had a pocketbook full of my allowance right with me, so, of course, I had to get a taxi—and when we were in the taxi it was so much easier to come right home in it than go over to the station and fuss around taking a train—and you've always said when I have company to make things just as pleasant for them as I could

"I paid Louise $2 I owed her, tho I really shouldn't, because it was money I'd borrowed before I had an allowance. Yes, I know you said I wasn't to borrow—but they were collecting at school for the war fund, and how could I get home and ask for $2 when I was in school?

"And then there was that darling Georgette waist—no, I expect I didn't need it, as I got three on my birthday, but it was an awful bargain, and you said you wanted me to be economical. What? Why, I've just been telling you how tiny a sum $25 is——"

"Of course I didn't save out $10 toward my summer clothes! I know mother explained how I would have to do that each month, so I'd have the money when I needed it, but how could I? I should think you could figure that out yourself! Besides, when the dressmaker's here, mother always pays her—and I can charge my goods at the stores this time, can't I? And——"

"Beginning tomorrow," remarked the father of the family, "we will return to the old system of giving you money when you explain first what you want it for—and postpone an allowance for another year!"

"Why, I think you are just as mean as anything!" cried his child in amazed indignation. "When I kept track of what I spent—and everything!'

* * *

Proper Garments.

"WELL," said the man in the unreasonable tie. "I'm the first fellow in tonight."

"Yes," responded the landlady. "How did it happen? Did somebody pick you up in a machine or something?"

"No," answered the man in the unreasonable necktie. "I walked, but I walked fast. There was a fascinating and mysterious young lady about fifty feet ahead of me and I wanted to overtake her. She had on a dainty forget-me-not hat of the most delicate texture and color, and I thought that there would be a violetlike face to match the headgear So I hustled to catch up—and did so. Under the daintiest of hats there was the swarthiest, most massive, grimmest and most ponderous face I ever saw! She was a walking gargoyle.

I tell you there ought to be a law to make girls wear appropriate hats."

"There is no law," declared the professor, who had followed upon the heels of the man with the unspeakable necktie, "regulating the wearing apparel of women. If a woman has the money she can buy and wear any kind of hat she pleases, altho I believe the Ladies' Home Guide very strongly advises appropriateness. The forget-me-nots and daisies are for those who can afford them.'

"It would be a good thing if the law did regulate what people should wear," suggested the reckless boarder. "Then no one could be criticized for his bad taste. No one ever laughs at the soldier tho he wear knee skirts and a cap that can only be kept on by capillary attraction or a strap or both."

"We couldn't very well laugh at the soldiers, because they are our protectors," declared the pretty teacher. "If redheaded soldiers wore green neckties we wouldn't laugh at them. But, of course, they don't and for my part I think all the soldiers look very handsome all the time in whatever uniform they wear."

"Yes," agreed the young man with the unreasonable tie, "but the swarthy Janes who persist in wearing bluebell hats are not protectors and they can be laughed at with perfect propriety. However, some of them would look well in a nurse's garb, no doubt."

"Yes," agreed the sensible boarder. "A woman as big as a mountain looks just as good in a nurse's uniform as a dainty floweret does. And a spindle-legged soldier looks just as good in kilts as the most symmetrical statue of the cinema does in his dress suit. They not only look good, but they are good, and many a man, tho accoutered in the most inconglomerate trappings of civil life, can redeem his looks in the eyes of all by affixing a liberty bond button in the lapel of his coat."

* * *

Lots Like Him.

"GEE, what's that chesty individual? Must be a big gun."

"Oh, no; that's only Mr. Pouter Pigeon."

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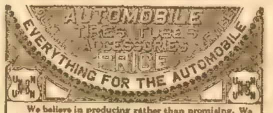

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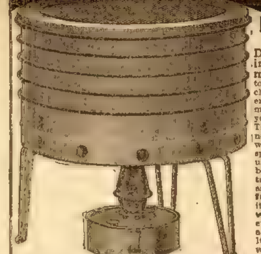

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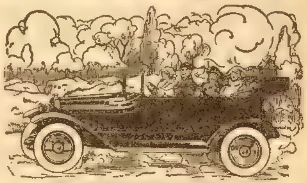

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Their Little Ways.

"WELL, well!" said the woman who had been married quite a number of years, as she was ushered in by the bride. "Don't you think it looks like rain?"

"Oh, I know my eyes are all red," the bride told her defiantly. "And I'm perfectly furious because I cried. Here I went and spent a solid hour straightening up Tom's desk for him—and it looked perfectly lovely, and when he saw it you'd have thought I had been fixing it with bombs and he had discovered my perfidy just in time! I'll never touch it again, no matter how dusty and awful it looks."

"How fast you learn!" commented the long married lady. "Do exactly that and you will live in peace all your life and your husband will boast to his friends what a good housekeeper you are. [illegible] he will say [illegible], 'I always know just where to [illegible] anything I want.' [illegible] their right places.

[illegible] means is that you allow him to be as dusty and disorderly as he likes! One of the hardest [illegible] a bride has to learn is that, while theoretically a man demands a spick and span house, his enthusiasm for order and cleanliness does not extend to his own belongings. He wants everything he owns out in plain sight [illegible] that he can grab it instantly, [illegible] whether it is a dress shirt, his fishing tackle, his box of receipts or his last new necktie! He bitterly resents having any of his treasures hidden, too.

The first year I was married was one long nightmare of putting away John's belongings. He loved to have his pipe and tin box of tobacco on the white enameled mantel between the cloisonne vase and the little bronze. There was no argument I could use that sufficed to convince him of the atrocity of the arrangement.

'I tried sarcasm, suggesting that he add a box of cigars and a drug store lighter, and I believe that he seriously considered it. He acted very grateful for the suggestion, anyhow, and I only distracted his mind by wanting to know why he kept his woolly bathrobe hanging over the best mahogany chair in the bedroom and his slippers in the middle of the floor.

No matter how many times I put them away they bobbed right back again. John explained that he had a horror of fire at night and of being unable to find garments in which to clothe himself. He drew a piteous picture of himself rambling thru snowdrifts barefooted and in his nightie, and got mad when I pointed out that it was July and the thermometer 100 in the shade, and the middle of the day at that.

"I said that if his bathrobe and slippers lying in the center of the room when I was entertaining women at luncheon were of any vast comfort to him six miles away at his office, of course I would cheerfully bear the burden. His retaliation was that a woman never did understand things, anyhow.

We've been married twelve years and to this day I hear faint surges of wrath over the straightening up I gave his fishing tackle that first year.

The time I went home for a two weeks' visit, while John was keeping [illegible] trays on the [illegible] bookcases. Newspapers carpeted the floor, neckties and collars hung from everything hangable, slippers were scattered broadcast and not a chair was in place.

"It looked as tho a coal heavers' convention had met there right after a devastating cyclone.

'John came home in the midst of my lamentations, and when I tragically pointed around and begged him to look, that benighted, puzzled man looked and then asked in honest curiosity: 'Well, what's the matter with it?' It was then I subsided with low moans. It was no use. I've given up, and since then we've led a happy life tho a dusty disorderly one——"

"Nonsense!" sniffed the bride. "Your house is always just shiny and clean! [illegible]

[illegible]

* * *

The Character Witness.

SO OFTEN Tragedy treads upon the heels of Comedy that the dividing line is obscured.

One summer evening in a country district the young men and women of the community were dancing in a new-built barn. Suddenly the music stopped, the final notes of it punctuated by a pistol shot.

One man was dead on the floor. Another one stood over him with staring, terrified face and a revolver in his hand.

The law took up its cumbersome progress.

The calling of the jury was slow work. Every man thereabouts seemed to have formed an opinion, and it wasn't favorable to the prisoner. In that neighborhood he was counted as a black sheep, altho in many a place he would have shown almost white.

There was an uncle who had some money to spend and he employed a clever lawyer from the city. He did not come near himself, nor did any of the other members of the family. There was no mother. The lawyer's first statement was that it would be necessary to produce character witnesses. Along that line of defense, according to the man of law, lay the only hope of getting a light sentence. The prisoner was sulky and hopeless. He said he had no character witnesses to bring—they were all against him.

[illegible] to testify to the peaceful virtues of the dead man, overthrowing in this way any attempt to plead self-defense for the prisoner.

The lawyer from the city was beginning to share his client's pessimism when, on the third day of the trial, something happened; just a little thing just an interruption. No value placed upon it, and yet——

It was the prisoner's dog. No one knew just how he passed the sheriff, or how he made his way thru the closely packed courtroom, but he did it somehow, and went straight to the prisoner's side, sprang up and pressed against him joyously. Now the jurymen, it seemed, had been watching the prisoner's face hoping to find there some signal that would excuse them. They didn't want to hang a neighbor's boy. They didn't want to spoil another life if there was any chance to save it. But they had to be fair—they must do their duty and his face had not given them a bit of a chance to excuse their leaning toward clemency. It had been so hard, so arrogant, so unrepentant.

But now with that dog held tight [illegible] his arms around it and his [illegible] the mask came off, for it had been a mask, and they saw just a poor miserable, broken-hearted boy face and they remembered that he had lost his mother when he was so little.

Of course the sheriff should have removed the dog. It wasn't orderly or dignified leaving him there. But he was a very old dog and very well known. Public [illegible] to the man he loved. No one had ever seen him go wrong, according to dog standards, and they were not disposed to question his conduct now.

That evening, after court adjourned, for the first time, the talk along the road in the homes across the store counters was favorable to the prisoner.

[illegible] him.

After a few days he acquired the habit of looking about. Searching faces eagerly questioningly. They would not admit it, but some of the jurymen found themselves not looking to meet his eyes. However, [illegible] had set his man free

The lawyer for the defense remarked that he had known from the first that all the young man needed was a good, strong character witness.

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6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19x19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Sent knocked down. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 125 pounds. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. B4970A. Send $1.00 with order; $2.25 monthly. Price, only $21.45. No discount for cash.**

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Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. **Pieces not sold separately.**

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Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

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Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised [illegible] Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite I will pay you $[illegible] [illegible] I am to return the suite [illegible]

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If you ONLY want catalog put X in box below

☐ Furniture and Stoves ☐ Jewelry

☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing ☐ Pianos ☐ Books

By Whose Hand

(Continued From Page 21.)

desperation he had abandoned all thought of trying to carry off the plunder, using his last minute of grace to hasten back the way he had come.

I wondered why we had not detected some sort of light moving around as we started to descend the stairs. The Judge, having reached the landing before me, would surely have noticed anything of the kind, it would seem; and yet he failed to indicate as much.

This brought me around once more to the fact that when we entered the room we had found that little hand electric torch lying on the floor, with its button turned on, and the shaft of white light passing all the way across the room to disclose the yawning mouth of that generously fashioned fireplace, under the great brick mantel. Why had not the man who fled made use of this little light to guide his footsteps while passing down the stairs to the basement kitchen? Perhaps he may have had one of his own, for they surely must be in general use by those who prowl about in other people's houses after nightfall.

As the police would not know anything about the letters I had found upon the person of the dead man, as well as the hidden necklace which I carried in my pocket, at least until the inquest took place, they must naturally fall back upon the theory that Oscar Pangborn, whose reputation in that vicinity was none too savory, to say the least, had entered his old-time home with the full intention of robbing the new owner, and that while in the execution of this scheme he had met with a sudden death at the hands of some party as yet unknown, but suspected of being his accomplice in the lawless deed.

Meanwhile this would give me a little chance to work out certain ideas of my own, tho, as a lawyer, I felt that it must be incumbent on me to disclose what I had discovered sooner or later, in case the assassin still remained unknown.

There was nothing more that I could do there in that room, since I had searched it thru and thru for additional clews. Whoever the mysterious other party to the deed may have been, he had not been as generous as some murderers are in books to leave a hat, a glove or some other article of wearing apparel lying around by means of which his identity might later on be established.

Perhaps it might be possible to discover the imprint of his hand on some article of furniture, and in this way get a clew to work upon. Finger prints are playing a very prominent part in these days in the discovery of guilty rascals; so much so that there are cases where up-to-date burglars wear gloves when in pursuit of their vocation so as to baffle the detectives who will come prying around, prepared to secure incriminating evidence after this approved twentieth century method.

Just then I caught the sound of an approaching car out on the well-traveled road that passed the estate. Believing that it must be the police from town, I decided that it might be better for me not to be found in the room where that ghastly figure lay; so I quietly passed into the library.

Richard looked up questioningly the very instant I entered, as tho he wondered why I did not take the time to inform him of the result of my talk with Janice.

I beckoned him to approach, thinking that it might be well to relieve his mind before the inundation of blue-coated officers. Besides, it would look better if we seemed to be conferring together, rather than standing around with all the signs of a panic on our faces.

In as few words as possible I told Richard what I had learned from the girl, and how Janice had been upon a mission of mercy at the time she passed his door, heading toward the back of the house. And Richard smiled with sincere relief, for his dreadful fears must have taken wings and flown away as soon as he learned this.

"Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Jasper, for this assurance," he said, as he wrung my hand almost fiercely; and then, as tho afraid that I might think he had been taking the matter too greatly to heart, he hastened to add: "Not that I could ever dream of connecting that pure, sweet girl with anything so ghastly as shooting a man, even when he was oppressing her and threatening her with trouble; but it would have meant that the sad story of her past must be dragged out before an unsympathetic world, and her dear name passed around as common property. Now it is not necessary at all that the papers ever know about what she suffered. But that ring at the front door must mean the police have arrived. I will let them in."

Richard admits the officers of the law who will help solve the mystery shrouding the sudden death of the wayward scion of the Pangborns. The next installment will unravel the tangled threads of circumstances; the real murderer will be discovered, and the innocent cleared of guilt.

* * *

Asthma and Hay Fever Remedy Free.

Remarkable cures effected from one bottle. Write D. J. Lane, Box 115, St. Marys, Kan., and tell him that you will try a bottle of his newly perfected remedy on his guarantee to charge you nothing if he doesn't cure, but that you will gladly pay him $1 for this bottle when you are completely cured.—Advertisement.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

The Vain Rookie Rides to a Fall.

(Continued From Page 13.)

of my right arm and asked me what the mark on my left arm was. I couldn't see anything there, but when I looked back he was just pulling out a needle two inches long he had stuck me with when I wasn't watching.

"All the way thru the mill each man had made a black mark on my chest to show what he had done to me. An old doctor at the end of the line read the laundry marks on me, marked me O. K. and sent me down to get some clothes.

Downstairs they were passing out clothes and I was sure glad to get some after being punched and rapped, stuck and jabbed for an hour or more. They gave me underclothes and socks and shirts without an argument, but when I came to the pants I wanted 33-inch waist. The clerk insisted on giving me 31 and when I tried to show him his mistake, he insisted they would fit me in a few days. "You'll shrink," he says.

I supposed he knew, so when I went to the shoe counter I thought I'd figure on the shrinkage and show them I was learning their way of figuring. "Sevens," I said to the clerk, because I wore eights. "Tens," he said, after looking at my feet and tried a pair of tens on me, telling me I would fit them in a few days.

I'm sure glad none of the gang back home saw me go thru those doctors, because I never could look them in the eye again. And they would die laughing at me now in small waisted pants and big shoes. I'm beginning to feel all right by now, and I'm going down tomorrow to watch the truckloads of greenhorns and rubes come in. It makes me feel good every time I see a man come in later than I did, and by the time I've been here long enough to earn a pass, I can go back home and swagger and strut just like the other old-timers I've seen there on the streets.

* * *

The Same Humane Treatment.

(Continued From Page 15.)

cup of soup each at Mons, in the evening.

"German Red Cross women refused us any food, calling us insulting names, and spat towards us, telling us that they would give nothing to English Schweinhunde, tho we told them we were ill and all were wounded."

The Major goes on to tell how he himself saw a number of German women dressed as nurses deliberately empty bowls of soup on the platform before them, saying something about giving nothing to English swine. Another English officer tells about seeing German women spit into the soup they offered English prisoners. Still others tell of loading dying and wounded into closed-in trucks from which horses had been removed; the stricken soldiers were forced to sit in the filth. There was not even a window ventilating the car. Curses and blows were the lot of every officer and soldier among the captives, all along the route.

Unspeakable conditions confronted the men, not only in the trains bearing them into Germany but in the camps themselves. To repeat them would be merely to restate Sergt. Harkins' experiences. These are sufficient indictment of German cruelty and hard-heartedness.

* * *

Many Blunders.

SEVERAL customers of the little bookstore were discussing blunders which they had discovered in the course of their reading. Said one:

"Some time ago I read a novel in which a certain Italian cardinal was a principal character. In two or three scenes he was represented as stroking a pet cat which rested on his knee. The cardinal was a historic character and the book made me so interested in him that I hunted up a biographical work which gave details of his life. And here I learned that the great man had a shuddering horror of cats and would not enter a room until sure that there were no such animals in it.

"That recalls the Spanish painter of bygone times who made a picture of Anne of Austria, Queen of France. It was to be his masterpiece and when it was done he invited some great men to his studio to inspect it. One of the great men threw up his hands at the first glance.

"'Sir,' he said to the artist, 'don't you know that Anne abominated roses and would not have one near her? Yet you have placed a rose in her hair!'

"Really, we should insist upon accuracy in our literature. Fiction should be as true to life and conditions as history. We have been entertaining an entirely wrong idea of Germany and its life and people because we were fed up on touching little stories and sentimental novels. And fiction gave us the idea that the French were gone to seed morally and materially and it took a war to show us that as a people they are more triumphantly great than at any period of their history."

"The bad breaks a man makes live after him," observed the bookseller. "People who can't quote ten lines of Shakespeare know all about the blunders he made, referring to the seasoast of Bohemia, having clocks strike before clocks were invented, and so on."

"It's a pity he made such breaks," said the librarian. "No man is so great that he can afford to get things balled up. An author must be absolutely sure of his facts or he is pretty sure to make himself absurd. Fifteen years ago a well-known British author wrote a novel of great merit. One of its characters was a millionaire who had become rich by silver mining in Nebraska. A man might mine for silver in Nebraska for a thousand years and he wouldn't get enough out of it to buy a sack of peanuts. There are no mines in that State.

"American reviewers and readers were so tickled over this break that they overlooked the merits of the book and the author was joshed almost into the asylum.

"Just the other day I read an English novel in which a Californian was described as having an unmistakable Yankee twang. Whenever Americans appear in British fiction they are forever saying 'I guess' and 'I reckon.' As a matter of fact, we don't hear those expressions once in a blue moon. Even Eden Phillpotts, who usually is careful about his facts, gets clear off his reservation when he writes of America or Americans."

* * *

Disposed of the Dog.

THE conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the annoyance of sleepless nights, when the following story was recalled by Senator Ollie M. James of Kentucky.

Smith, who lived in a small Western town, owned a dog that could make more music than a college yell. It was at night that he particularly shone along that line. Jones, who lived next door, went without sleep as long as possible, and then rambling over to the partition fence he told Smith that unless Fido were suppressed there was going to be a sound in the back yard like the discharge of a gun.

That night when Jones returned home Smith met him at the gate with a smile that glowed like the setting sun.

"Just a minute, Mr. Jones," intercepted Smith. "I thought you would be interested to know that I have disposed of that dog."

"You don't really mean it!" responded Jones, visibly pleased. "Did you kill him?"

"Oh, no," was the startling rejoinder of Smith; "I traded him to Mike Johnson for a cornet."

* * *

She Knew Him.

"JONATHAN!"

"Well?"

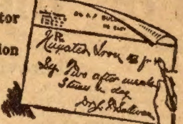
"Where are you going?"

"As the curtain has just gone down I think I'll go out for a little while."

"Umph—because the curtain has taken a drop is no sign you have to go and do likewise."

NUXATED IRON

"Say Doctor This Prescription Works Like Magic."



Physician Says Nuxated Iron Quickly Puts Astonishing Strength and Energy into the Veins of Men and Brings Roses to the Cheeks of Nervous, Run-Down Women.

Ask the first hundred strong, healthy people you meet to what they owe their strength and see how many reply "Nuxated Iron." Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency, but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron to quickly enrich the blood, make beautiful, healthy women, and strong, vigorous iron men. To make absolutely sure that my patients get real organic iron and not some form of the metallic variety, I always prescribe Nuxated Iron in its original packages. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous rundown folks in two weeks time, in many instances."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron recommended above by Dr. Sullivan can be obtained from any good druggist, with or without a physician's prescription on an absolute manufacturers' guarantee of success or money refunded

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince you as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY,
1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

3 Rings and Bracelet FREE

Sell 8 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box

Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Return the $2 and we will send these 4 beautiful gold plated premiums, Warranted, or choice from large catalog. Write for salve today.

WE TRUST YOU

Rosebud Perfume Co. Box 106 Woodsboro, Md

To Promptly Clear Out Rats, Mice

and bugs, **Simply Note** which foodstuff they are after, and just stir a little of **Rough on Rats** into a removed portion of it. Having no odor or taste they naturally eat it. *"Don't Die In The House"*, used the wolrd over. Used by U. S. Govt. End them all to-night with a 35c or 60c box. At Drug and General Stores.

A SCIENTIFIC **GALL-KLENZ** PRESCRIPTION A WONDERFUL SUCCESS which is ABSOLUTELY SAFE and DEPENDABLE. It RELIEVES and REMOVES GALLSTONES, STOMACH or LIVER Troubles, Indigestion, Gas, Colic, Pains in sides, Heartburn, Appendicitis signs, Jaundice, and all Liver-gall Disorders. GALL-KLENZ *(not an oil)* has cured hundreds after all other remedies, physicians and even operations failed for less than 3¢ a treatment. Every sensible sufferer desiring results should write today for PROOF and GUARANTEE.

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PILES FREE HOME TREATMENT

Horton's Medicated Pile Remedy sent absolutely FREE. Quick relief for itching, blind, bleeding, protruding PILES, fistulas, etc. HAZEN A. HORTON, Desk 2, Marshall, Mich.

CONVERT YOUR BICYCLE INTO A MOTOR-CYCLE.

Motor fits any wheel. BEST, MOST RELIABLE. Best hill climber. More STEFFEYS in use than all others. Stamp for circulars.

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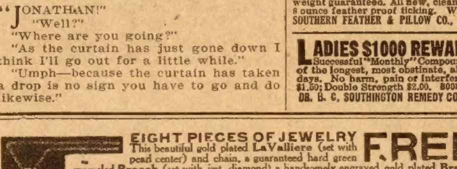
New Feather Beds Only $6.50

New Feather Pillows $1.25 per pair. Full size and full weight guaranteed. All new, clean, sanitary feathers. Best 8 ounce feather proof ticking. Write for new catalogue. SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 102, Greensboro, N. C

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.



EIGHT PIECES OF JEWELRY FREE

This beautiful gold plated **LaValliere** (set with pearl center) and chain, a guaranteed hard green enameled **Brooch** (set with imt. diamond) a handsomely engraved gold plated **Bracelet**, 2 lovely **Beauty Pins** and 3 lovely **Rings**—All 8 of these guaranteed attractive pieces of Jewelry given absolutely FREE for selling 20 pieces of our quick-selling jewelry at 10c. each. We take back all not sold. Send today for Jewelry.

TOWNES NOVELTY CO., Box 976, Richmond, Va.

Headquarters Stock Pure and True.

A Money-Maker for You.

HYBRIDIZED POTATO SEED

1 package seed will grow 50 new varieties, and as easy to grow as tomatoes. Millions never saw Potato Seed-Ball. Thousands have tried in vain to get seed. Now your opportunity. This unrivaled seed will produce endless variety of new sorts. Your fortune may be in one of them. It is from these that ALL valuable new varieties of Potatoes are produced. It is not uncommon for one seed to produce 50 to 150 perfect potatoes the first season. Every farmer, gardener and bright boy should plant a few packets; may be of untold profit, and will be sure to capture prizes at the Fairs.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS:

I grew 101 Potatoes from one plant of your Potato Seed. Every plant was a different variety. Mrs. Ellen Keener.

Your Potato Seed is worth its weight in gold. I grew 116 varieties from one packet. Finest I ever saw. Expect to make a lot of money out of them. C. E. Flint, Wash.

ORDER NOW. Tell your friends, for all will want them.

Package with full directions 15 cents, 4 for 50 cents, 10 for $1.00.

BATES SEED COMPANY, Dept. 1, MELROSE, MASS.

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

Pointed Yoke in Oak Leaf Design.

MAKE a chain of 105 stitches.

First Row—1 d c in eighth stitch from needle, d c, in next two stitches, 2 ch, skip 2 stitches, 1 d c in next, making a space. Make 29 more spaces, ch 5, turn.

Second Row—30 spaces, 3 d c on 3 d c, 2 more d c in last space, ch 2, 1 d c in same space, ch 5, turn.

Third Row—2 d c over 2 ch, 5 d c on next 5 d c, 30 spaces, ch 5, turn.

Fourth Row—30 spaces, 7 d c on 7 d c, 2 d c in 5 ch, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Fifth Row—11 d c, 3 sp, 1 * bk, 18 sp, 2 bk, 6 sp, ch 5, turn.

Sixth Row—3 sp, bk, 1 sp, 3 bk, 1 sp, 2 bk, 5 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 2 bk, 4 sp, 1 bk, 4 sp, 13 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c in space, ch 5, turn.

Seventh Row—15 d c, 4 sp, 3 bk, 1 sp, 5 bk, 5 sp, 9 bk, 8 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Eighth Row—4 sp, 8 bk, 6 sp, 5 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 5 sp, 17 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Ninth Row—19 d c, 6 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 5 bk, 2 sp, 5 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 2 bk, 5 sp, 5 ch.

Tenth Row—3 sp, 5 bk, 2 sp, 5 bk, 2 sp, 1 bk, 4 sp, 1 bk, 7 sp, 21 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Eleventh Row—23 d c, 4 sp, 1 bk, 3 sp, 3 bk, 4 sp, 4 bk, 2 sp, 6 bk, 3 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Twelfth Row—5 sp, 3 bk, 3 sp, 4 bk, 1 sp, 3 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 5 sp, 1 bk, 3 sp, 25 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch.

Thirteenth Row—27 d c, 3 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 2 bk, 2 sp, 1 bk, 6 sp, 2 bk, 2 sp, 6 bk, 4 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Fourteenth Row—5 sp, 6 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 3 sp, 3 bk, 2 sp, 2 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 3 sp, 29 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Fifteenth Row—31 d c, 4 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 2 bk, 2 sp, 8 bk, 1 sp, 3 bk, 8 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Sixteenth Row—5 sp, 5 bk, 2 sp, 7 bk, 4 sp, 2 bk, 5 sp, 33 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Seventeenth Row—35 d c, 9 sp, 6 bk, 8 sp, 3 bk, 4 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Eighteenth Row—4 sp, 4 bk, 2 sp, 3 bk, 5 sp, 4 bk, 8 sp, 37 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Nineteenth Row—39 d c, 10 sp, 4 bk, 1 sp, 5 bk, 1 sp, 3 bk, 6 sp, ch 5, turn.

Twentieth Row—4 sp, 4 bk, 2 sp, 6 bk, 1 sp, 5 bk, 8 sp, 41 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-first Row—43 d c, 8 sp, 4 bk, 1 sp, 4 bk, 2 sp, 2 bk, 2 sp, 4 bk, 3 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-second Row—3 sp, 3 bk, 2 sp, 4 bk, 1 sp, 5 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 10 sp, 45 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-third Row—47 d c, 9 sp, 2 bk, 1 sp, 5 bk, 1 sp, 8 bk, 4 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-fourth Row—3 sp, 9 bk, 1 sp, 9 bk, 8 sp, 49 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-fifth Row—51 d c, 7 sp, 7 bk, 1 sp, 1 bk, 3 sp, 1 bk, 1 sp, 2 bk, 1 sp, 3 bk, 3 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-sixth Row—3 sp, 2 bk, 2 sp, 1 bk, 9 sp, 2 bk, 1 sp, 3 bk, 7 sp, 53 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-seventh Row—55 d c, 30 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-eighth Row—30 sp, 57 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn.

Twenty-ninth Row—59 d c, 30 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Thirtieth Row—30 sp, 61 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, turn. To start the next point put 2 d c in end sp, 1 d c on first d c, then chain 2, but only skip one stitch and make 30 spaces. Then keep on from second row as many points as you want. For the bottom put a row of singles with a picot every seventh stitch for the neck.

First Row—Join thread to space in neck, ch 3, skip next sp, 1 tr in next sp, ch 5, 1 d c between ch and tr just made, *, ch 3, thread over needle 3 times, skip next sp, 1 tr in next sp. Keep 2 stitches on needle, thread over needle twice, skip next sp, 1 tr in next sp, thread over needle, draw thru two stitches, thread over again and draw thru 2 left on needle, ch 3, 1 d c between 2 tr. Repeat from star around.

Second Row—3 tr in 1st sp, ch 4, picot, *, 3 tr, p, 3 tr, p, tr, in same sp, skip next sp of 3, ch 3 singles in next sp, ch 4, picot, ch 4, picot, ch 4, picot, slip stitch in 1st picot to join 3, in same sp, 3 tr in next sp, picot. Repeat from star.

---

* bk same as gr.

Silk Ribbon Replaces Wool

This Is Cheaper and Fully as Good Looking as the Regular Knitted Sweater of Wool.

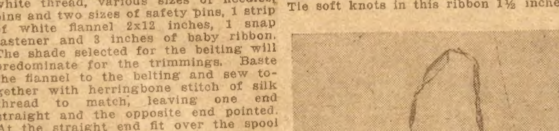
THE newest wrinkle in knitting is the use of narrow silk ribbon instead of yarn for fashioning sweaters, hand-bags, mufflers, slip-ons and what not.

This ribbon, especially adapted for knitting, is about the width of baby ribbon and has a finish that makes it pliable. The fabric made from it is delightfully soft and light in fact just the thing for summer wear.

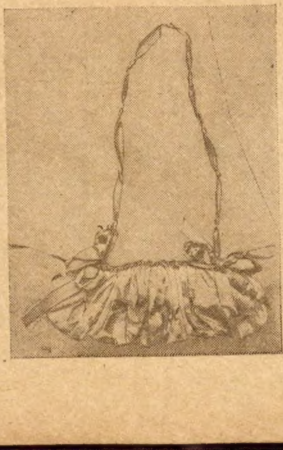
No doubt this novelty will excite the interest of all women who are skilled in the handicraft made so popular by the war, and it will give the woman who really needs a sweater an opportunity to have one and, at the same time, save wool which is needed so much for our soldiers.

Garments made from the ribbon cost decidedly less than ordinary all silk garments. Even less expensive garments can be made from ribbon which is part cotton. Among the advantages claimed for the new material is that each strand, being woven, has greater strength and durability than yarn.

Pretty Gifts Easily Made



NO. 1—Dainty traveling companion. This little roll will make a very acceptable gift for the girl away from home. It is simple and easily made. The materials required are 12 inches of moire belting, either plain or figured, 1 spool of white thread, various sizes of needles, pins and two sizes of safety pins, 1 strip of white flannel 2x12 inches, 1 snap fastener and 3 inches of baby ribbon. The shade selected for the belting will predominate for the trimmings. Baste the flannel to the belting and sew together with herringbone stitch of silk thread to match, leaving one end straight and the opposite end pointed. At the straight end fit over the spool of thread and sew together, forming a pocket, but leave the sides open to allow the spool to slip out. At the pointed end sew one piece of the snap fastener. Arrange the pins and needles as shown in the illustration. Wind the roll up tight and sew the remaining half of the snap to the outside of the belting. Across the point make a small bow of the baby ribbon. This is handy to carry in one's bag and we all know the value of these little necessities when an accident occurs.



No. 2—Holder for a paper of pins. This dainty novelty is for the girl at home to hang at the side of her dresser. This requires ½ yard of 6-inch wide ribbon, 1½ yards of No. 2 satin ribbon to match and a paper of pins.

The wide ribbon is flowered on a white background and has an edge of plain satin of the shade most prominent in the flowers. The light shades make a very attractive gift, but if desired, one can use the rich dark plaids or striped ribbons and the article will be more serviceable and practical. Cut the narrow ribbon into three pieces of equal length. Tie soft knots in this ribbon 1½ inches apart for the hanger and for the bows, make one knot into the center of each loop and one knot in each end. Fold the wide ribbon selvedges together and turn in the corners round. Shirr the selvedges with a narrow heading to fit the paper of pins. Buy the paper which opens like a book and exposes the pins in rows with only the heads showing. Sew the shirring to the paper and fasten the bows and hanger. These are easily made and will be found ready sellers at bazaars, fairs, etc., as they make dainty and acceptable gifts. Often one can purchase a remnant of ribbon at quite a reduction, as it is not of use to the average customer who buys it for a bow or girdle, therefore the price is lowered. If one has some pretty silk or satin it can be utilized instead of the wide ribbon; a row of featherstitching or French knots over the hem at the top or a narrow frill of val lace will help to cover it.

❧

Useful Sewing Screen.

A CONVENIENT piece of furniture for the household sewing-room is a sewing screen, and if the house is not large enough to permit of setting aside one room for sewing activities a sewing screen is a still greater convenience for the room of the woman who has her own or the family mending to attend to or who just likes to sew.

First of all, unless one has an aptitude for carpentry it is well to have a carpenter make the frame. A three ply screen is a convenient size and it should be low, so that all that it contains may be within easy reach of the woman who likes to sit in a low chair to sew.

The screen may be covered with chintz or cretonne to match the hangings of the room. Then it will seem to take up even less space in a small room for it will fall back into line with the other furnishings rather than stand out as an individual, demanding special space privileges.

A good scheme is to cover the screen frame with a flat layer of the cretonne on each side of each section, reaching to within about six inches of the floor.

Tack the cover on securely with small brass headed tacks. Then make ever so many little pockets of various sizes and fasten them securely. They will hold thread and mending materials and all sorts of sewing paraphernalia.

Larger pockets will be useful for holding small pieces of work or mending.

The pockets, of course, should be cut larger than the space which they are to cover and be either gathered or plaited on. It is a wise scheme to use a narrow elastic as a running string for the tops, as that gives a neater, tidier appearance, especially when the pockets are well filled.

❧

For Porch Pillows.

AMONG the wash materials which are used for porch pillow covers are the Japanese towelings. These can now be bought in other shades than the usual blue and white. Brown and white, cool green and white and gray and white offer plenty of variety and chance for setting or matching a color scheme. They wash beautifully and are very reasonable. For the round mats, which many porches require where the porch steps are used for seats, stenciled oilcloth is unusual. The advantage of an oilcloth cushion in either black or white is that it can be wiped off with a damp cloth or left out overnight in storm or dew. Black burlap stenciled makes an attractive porch pillow, too.

❧

To Dye Silks Yellow.

FOR dyeing a crepe de chine or any silk waist yellow take a thimbleful of saffon tea; steep as you would any ordinary tea, remove from stove and strain thru a piece of cheesecloth; add enough boiling water to get the shade of yellow desired, then put in the article to be colored and let stand for a few minutes. Do not boil.

A Fractured Romance.

"IT WAS at one of those auctions where hundreds of unclaimed and lost trunks and traveling bags are disposed of by railroads for storage charges that I picked it up," remarked the tall drummer, addressing the girl at the candy counter.

"It was out of mere curiosity that I entered the place at all. There was nothing I wanted—or needed—in the line of somebody else's trunk or valise. The articles displayed looked anything but inviting.

"An old trunk, tied with clothesline and battered almost beyond its original semblance, would go for 50 cents. The one who bought it would perhaps find that it belonged to some immigrant and the pitiful scraps of wardrobe it contained would bring about 10 cents from a reckless rag dealer.

"The auctioneer had sold scores of trunks and bags before he held up a brown leather suitcase that attracted my attention for some occult reason. I became possessed with the desire to own it. It was knocked down to me for $1 and I hurried with it to my room at the hotel.

"I hoped the thing had been the property at one time of some other drummer in my line and that it would contain a list of new and sure fire prospects for me to follow up. If it contained a few new silk shirts, my size, or some jewelry that would become me, I'd be highly pleased. I opened it.

"Before me spread a maze of fluffy, lacey things dainty in the extreme. Tenderly I lifted them out piece by piece. A little wedding gown, new, and with the tags still attached. A veil of nebulous material, a wreath of orange blossoms, a pair of tiny slippers. There was no clew as to the owner.

"It was a year later on a westbound train that I met a young woman whom I had known casually, I asked her whether she had married the young man to whom she was engaged when we last met.

"'No,' she said, tearfully, 'our engagement was broken in an unheard of way.' She then related how she had lost her trousseau on the day she was to be married and how she had looked for it so long and earnestly that the time for the ceremony passed and the young man, thinking that he was jilted and taking the thing much to heart, left for some uncharted wilderness."

"Two perfectly good lives, ruined, eh?" sighed the candy stand girl, who was giving ear to the drummer's story.

"Only one," corrected the drummer. "The young woman married another youth."

"I'll bet it was her trousseau you picked up at that auction," ventured the candy stand girl. "Why didn't you find out and return it to her?"

"I told you that the young woman had no further use for a trousseau," returned the drummer, "but I have an idea that there may be some other little girl who has."

"Maybe you could find one," said the candy girl without interest. "They say that wonderful results are got thru advertising."

* * *

Recrimination.

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She—"You don't do it like an amateur."

He—"How do you know?"

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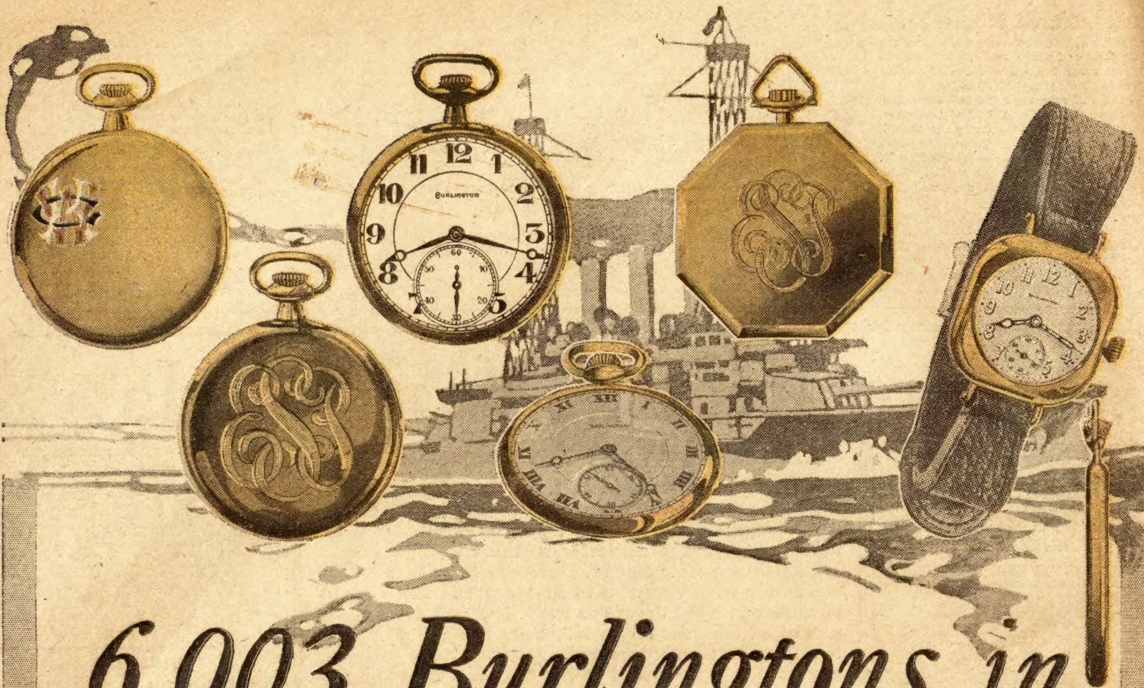

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